Nichols

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

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AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &C.

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Editorial.

ADAPTATION OF LABOR.

It is clearly for the interest of the New England farmer to adapt his labor to circumstances, to cultivate those crops that pay the best and find the readiest market. We often hear it brought up against our agriculture that it is declining, that we do not raise bread stuffs enough for our own consumption, that we ought, at least, to raise our own corn, and a variety of other similar statements. What do they all amount to? Just nothing at all. Suppose the statistics do show a falling off in a few of our old staples? What of that? Is it important that we should follow the old beaten track and raise nothing but corn and potatoes and beans, just because our fathers did, or just to enable us to keep up the old statistical quantity of crops, or to preserve a reputation for sustaining ourselves?

The fact is that circumstances with us are entirely different from what they were thirty or forty years ago. Great villages, cities, manufacturing establishments, centres of population and of consumption of farm products, have sprung up all through New England, and great lines of cheap and easy transportation have been opened where they were never dreamed of by our fathers. Are we to ignore this change, or study to conform to it and adapt our labor and our crops to the supply of wants that did not exist when our fathers went on planting and hoeing corn year after year? We say it is clearly the part of wisdom to conform our plans and our system of farming to circumstances. In dense populations requires milk, and vegetables, and eggs, and small fruit, why should we not supply that want? If an acre of onions, or strawberries, or grapes, will pay better than an acre of corn or potatoes or wheat, why should we not turn our attention to onions or strawberries or grapes, and let somebody raise the corn or potatoes or wheat, who can do it at less expense than we, or, what is the same thing, who cannot sell onions and strawberries and grapes as well as we can?

There are some crops in which we are comparatively free from competition. Some which, from their nature, cannot be transported long distances without injury or loss. There are others that can be readily transported to any distance at a small cost. The cost of bringing wool from Texas or even from Brazil is not very great. The New England farmer has to contend with the world in those articles that can be brought to us at a small cost, while in those of a different character, no one at a distance is able to compete. It is, therefore, clearly for our interest to aim to supply our local markets with such articles as from absence of competition will bring the highest price and find the readiest sale. The question with us is not whether corn will pay, or whether wheat will pay, but whether, with the same quantity of land and labor, there are not other things that will pay better. Many a farmer, with an acre of strawberries, or an acre of grapes, or an acre of cranberries, or an acre of vegetables, or what we call garden "truck," can raise enough to buy the product of ten or more acres of corn. For him it would be absurd to raise corn or wheat. He could buy it cheaper than he could raise it.

This is saying nothing against the corn crop, or the wheat crop. It is simply a question of economy, and statistics clearly show that many a farmer has taken this view of it. If he must have corn for home consumption and the price is eighty cents a bushel, it is for him to consider, whether, taking into account the various crops that he has it in his power to raise, and the amount of labor which he can control, he can raise and sell any crop that will give him a greater net income. If so, had he not better raise it and sell it and buy the corn that he needs for consumption? If he can raise corn at fifty cents a bushel, and it costs eighty cents to buy it, he can unquestionably afford to raise it, but even then it does not follow that it is always for his interest to produce rather than to buy it. The economy of raising or buying what he wants is for him to consider, judging by the price of manure and labor, and the advantage he may have of disposing of other crops.

There are certain things, as we have said, the price of which is regulated by the cost of transportation about as much as by the actual cost of raising. Take the item of hay, for example. It is a bulky substance. It is worth much more in the neighborhood of large cities than at a distance. It is worth more in this State, as a general rule, than in Vermont where the demand for it is more limited. We must have it to feed the horses that are kept and used in our large towns. The Vermont farmer does not come into so close competition therefore in this article as in that of butter or cheese, which is sent to market in a condensed form and costs less in proportion to its value for transportation.

We have, therefore, to start with the leading principle, that our system of farming, before it reaches perfection, must aim to raise, not what can be as cheaply and easily brought from a remote district, but what can only be raised here, or what being raised here, will save an excessive cost of transportation from long distances, that is, in other words, something the price of which is regulated by the cost of transportation. Now, is it not true that the same amount of labor that is put upon a field of corn, and which absolutely must be put upon it if we would get a good crop, will pay very much better if expended in raising cabbages, or roots or hay? It is not necessary to insist on this. It does not pay to raise corn, if it is apparent that it will pay better to raise something else. Nor should any one be surprised that, with the intelligence and shrewdness of the farmers of New England, so many have left the old beaten track, and turned their labor into these more profitable channels, or that there is a falling off in some of the old staple crops.

We want not only to cultivate better and more thoroughly, but to cultivate for better results, and in order to do this we want to devote our labor to such crops as will give us better results. One man can raise a particular crop which he thoroughly understands better than another, who knows more about some other crop. We want, therefore, to adapt our labor to that crop or that system of culture where it will tell for most, where it will accomplish the highest results, and this is a point which each individual can best decide for himself in the light of experience and the circumstances in which he is placed.

THE FARMERS' CONVENTION IN MANCHESTER, N. H.

A public meeting of the New Hampshire State Board of Agriculture and the State Agricultural Society was held in Manchester, N. H., beginning on the 12th inst., and continuing three days. At 2 o'clock on Tuesday the meeting was called to order by Gen. Head, President of the State Society. He introduced Gov. Weston who delivered an address upon the occasion, which elicited considerable applause. Gen. Head followed, advocating the importance of organized effort in agriculture.

Judge Roberts then took the chair in place of the Chairman of the Board, who was necessarily detained. The Judge made a speech full of enthusiasm and spirit complimenting the farmers for their intelligence, and urged them to attend and sustain meetings for discussion, and the Board of Agriculture.

Mr. Lawrence, member of the Board, delivered an address on the "New Departure in Agriculture" which was well received. J. Stanton Gould, of New York, then followed, advocating the use of the tedder in hay making, and advised putting hay into the barn on the day it is cut. Some machines break the waxy coating of grass and when the juices cannot they injure the grass by causing it to ferment. Hay is as fattening as grass if it is cut early and properly handled and stored. Mr. Gould maintained that mowing lots should never be grazed till the blades had started up well and strong after the piece is mown. Grazing before the new leaf starts often injures and destroys the grass, but it does less harm after it has got well started. He also spoke in favor of corn fodder grown in drills.

S. L. Goodale, Esq., Secretary of the Maine Board of Agriculture, advised improving half the land we now cultivate and letting the balance grow up to wood. Make the most of what we attempt to cultivate, and adopt such crops as bring the most money in the market. Land well treated is independent of drought and grasshoppers. (How about Utah? The grasshoppers don't stop to see whether the land is well treated or not, but pitch in on all alike.) Chemistry doesn't give us accurate knowledge of the nutritive value of food. The only test is the stomach into which it goes and the result is shown by the health and flesh of the animal that consumes it.

A lengthy discussion followed on the relative value of fresh and well rotted manure and on the application of them. In this Messrs. Lawrence; Hills of Plaistow; Hills of Windham; Bedee of Freemont; Rossiter of Milford; Gen. Head and others took part and the discussion was conducted with considerable spirit and enthusiasm.

Evening Session.

At 7 o'clock Prof. E. W. Dimond of Hanover, delivered a lecture on "Chemical Fertilizers." This was followed by an address by Dr. Mason, of Moultonboro on the Agricultural Importance of New Hampshire. An hour was then devoted to discussion of the topics presented.

Col. Towle of Meredith, thought the farmer could not protect himself against bad fertilizers. He must take his chance of getting cheated or let them alone. The great problem for New Hampshire was to make farming pay. Then young men will stay at home and the State will rise again. Jos. B. Walker of Concord, Mr. Gould, Warren Brown, Stephen Holt of Epping, and others took part, all maintaining that, all things considered, it was better to stay at home rather than to go West.

The Convention was not so well attended as could have been desired, but those present appeared to take great interest in the proceedings. Our limits do not allow us to report the lectures and addresses, at greater length, and we shall take an opportunity to allude to those of Mr. Johnson, Dr. Loring and others in our next issue.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.

The official returns of the U. S. Census do not give us any very reliable facts in regard to the dairy products of this country or of this State. There is, no doubt, a very large amount of milk sold in cities, villages, and consumed on our farms, that cannot be got at even by the census takers. In some cases they may get at a general approximation and in others not, and the result is, like many other doubtful things, very uncertain.

As near as we can ascertain the facts from an examination of various sources of information, the following statistics give a tolerably close approximation to the truth:—

CHEESE.

Product of, in the U. S. in 1850	103,518,893 lbs.
" " " 1860 about	150,000,000 lbs.
Value of " " 1869, "	210,000,000 lbs.
Value per pound in 1865, about 16c.	$33,600,000

BUTTER.

Product of, in 1850	418,227,729 lbs.
" " 1860 about	700,000,000 lbs.
Value of products in 1860, about	$105,000,000
Average value per pound	15c.
Estimated produ[illegible] of milk used in the production of the above, valued at 8cents	$400,000,000
Total amount of dairy products in lbs., estimated at	$840,000,000
Average value of butter per lb. in Boston	35c
Prices ranging from 33 to 70c.	
Average price of cheese per lb. in Boston	15c
Prices rang ng from 8 to 20c per lb.	
Average price of milk per quart	5c

The Poultry Interest.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

"NATURE" IN FOWL BREEDING.

ARTICLE NUMBER I.

We are often told on proposing any particular procedure in the breeding of fowls that such and such an expedient is foreign to the nature of the birds, that such and such a diet, however long it may have maintained its ground, and whatever the amount of experience on its side, is wrong and must be hurtful, because it is unnatural and artificial. Let us understand once for all that the word natural has no fixed signification when applied to domestic animals. Their nature is what man has made it. And what we have said of all domestic animals is particularly true of hens, with which a generation is so short, and whose manner of living is so completely under our control. We have made an artificial nature for them; the barnyard, for instance, is just as natural a home to them as the swamp to the woodcock. The good qualities and the bad in any particular breed are not necessarily inseparable from that breed, they may be there because we put them there, and once there, can be changed or got rid of with an amount of ease or difficulty varying with the antiquity of the habit or physical peculiarity. The traits which antedate the period of domestication can however be eradicated or modified only with extreme difficulty.

Now these considerations have a very practical bearing, and particularly in regard to the vexed question of the value of the blooded breeds of fowls, which farmers are so apt to speak of with contempt as "fancy" stock. Many a farmer prefers to keep on hand his miserable barndoor stock with their small laying capacity and their gaunt bodies, because he finds so many faults in the high bred varieties; "they get sick," "they die, "their eggs don't hatch well;" who has not heard these complaints over and over again uttered by experimenters in all degrees of disgust?

And there certainly is some reason for this want of confidence in the high bred breeds of fowls. We have heard dealers in them whose interest it is to "bull" up the market in their own favor confess to something of the sort, while pointing to other advantages, such as great laying capacities in some breeds, early maturity and fine quality of flesh in others, high priced chickens, beauty, &c., to counterbalance. Now is there no remedy for this state of things? It is certain that the blooded fowl is as much better than the barnyard "bird of our fathers" as a Jersey cow is better for butter than the old stock, or as a pippin or nonesuch is better than an average wild seedling apple. There is a remedy, and here we apply the considerations stated at the opening of our article. We may be assured that the defects of blooded fowls are to a great degree the result of mismanagement in breeding, and do not at all belong to any supposable nature of the stock, and that mismanagement we have not far to seek. Let us take a homely illustration, but one that must have come under the experience of every one, the case of children's following after their parents. Take a large family of say half a dozen, pick out the tallest among them, and you suppose their descendents will be in the long run the tallest. In the long run we say, for there are, of course, some disturbing influences. Or to take a case nearer in point, who are going to bear exposure and toil the best, the children of a long line of farmers accustomed to work, or of a succession of city clerks? No doubt the former. Now the difference between these two classes is precisely the difference between the blooded and the common or barndoor fowl. We have taken the handsomest to begin with, as if we were to take the slenderest mother's darling of the family to be father of a race of men, and beside in this our taste has been capricious; some such things as combs peculiar in size or form, five toes, or feathers on the legs, or other arbitrary points have been followed up as if everything depended upon them.

Then again we have bred in and in as it is called, as it were married cousins if not indeed brothers and sisters over and over again, until there is little vitality left in our poultry yard.

Having got our breed we give them stimulating feed in the hope of gathering very many and very early eggs, which we get indeed, but of poor quality as far as capacity to produce good vigorous chickens is concerned. Nor does the chain of mismanagement end here; for last of all, in order to preserve all the chickens of the brood, we keep them in doors carefully shielded from the weather, and thus perpetuate whatever weakness our folly has engrafted on the breed, and let it generate its kind, for never was pumpkin more sure to breed pumpkin than is disease to breed disease, only give it a chance.

There are other causes which we might mention, which have contributed to form the present nature of high bred fowls. The process of acclimation is hardly through with in case of those breeds brought from climates less rigid than our own. This however will be got over by the very nature of the experiment we are trying, and we shall in time become the producers of hardy breeds raised on American soil from foreign stock.

To overcome the drawbacks to fancy fowls farmers must work intelligently. The reward will compensate for the pains bestowed, for it is to blooded fowls and not to the dunghill varieties that we must look finally for profit. We might as well pick up an ordinary "yaller dog" in the streets and match him against a greyhound in a race, as to try to make the common hens compete in egg producing with the best layers among blooded fowls.

In a future article we shall continue this subject, and show farmers and others who raise fowls for utility and not for the show room, what to do with blooded fowls and how to do it, in order to reap greater profits from them than from any other kind of live stock kept, in proportion to the capital and labor involved.

B.

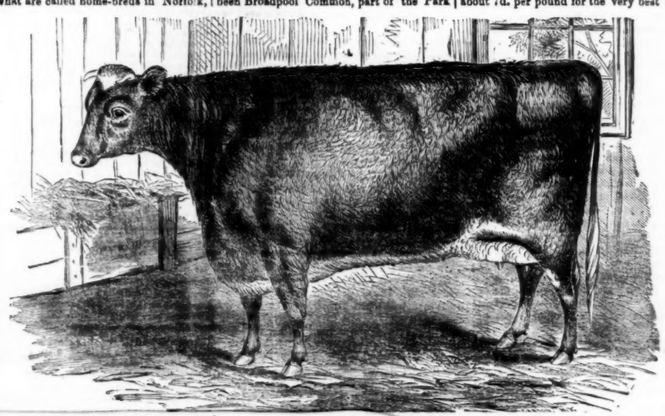
☞ The elliptic springs on most freight wagons are too light, and often nearly close with the load. Then the draft is positively increased, and the load liable to injury.

IMPROVED SHORTHORNS.

NOTES BY THE LATE THOMAS BATES.

The following notes by Thos. Bates, who had an experience of sixty-five years and gained a world wide reputation as a breeder, are worthy of the careful study of every farmer who is interested in stock. They embody some of the most important principles of breeding, and the result of long experience. We take it from the London *Farmers' Magazine.*

Every one by trying the cattle they are possessed of may, by the same test I have made, see what advantage they may gain by possessing the same blood, or, by assimilating it with their present stock, and seeing the result, proceed accordingly. The several varieties, the result of the original cows being different, willenable each one to select according to his judgment, whichever he may approve or wish to make a trial of. Then, again, a change to another variety may make a still further improvement in a herd. There is in my view no bounds set to improvement, if breeding be only judiciously carried out, which of course depends upon the judgment exercised. To point out any particular line on which to proceed, would depend on what stock people possess when they begin to cross with the best blood. I have hitherto retained my herd entire to prove their superior excellence. One grand result I hope will follow; the herd will be able to produce stock for supplying new beginners with proper animals for a commencement. I have also given a short detail of the stock I breed between West Highland Heifers and Shorthorn bulls, hoping that breeders of West Highland cattle may be induced to follow what I have found to be so beneficial, and I trust it may induce breeders of other cattle, Herefords, Devons, Sussex, and what are called home-breds in Norfolk,



landers, and the ordinary Shorthorns not more than 6d. per pound, or even less. The land I name on Broadpool was rented in 1794 at 1s. per acre, and after partially surface drained was valued at 3s. per acre when sold at the highest time of the late war, in 1806. The cattle did not cost keeping from half-a-year old to two and a-half—two years—more than £3 per head, as I kept 24 head of cattle there winter and summer, besides the shepherd's cows, which he had the liberty to keep for mowing the hay on 20 acres and winning it, and attending to the cattle. When this small cost in rearing cattle for two years is deducted from the price they were sold for, and their dams amply paying in milk and butter for the land they went on, besides keeping their calves till half-a-year old, the return for the next year (between 21-2 and 31-2) was ample at £3 to £5, leaving £20 for the last winter's keep on turnips and straw, which shows at such cattle may do. But in after years, when I ceased to have this high lying land, and sold the cattle in May and June off grass when three years old, at £37 per head, it shows how much greater was the return. But beef then rose to 12s. per stone in 1813, and the steers averaged 62 stones each, when under three years old, and their keep till the last year did not cost me one-third of the price they were sold for, paying near £26 for the last year's keep and above £20 for the winter's keep.

I have given this long detail, that breeders may see it was not by forced keep the cattle, so bred, were made to be sold at high prices but that it was from the excellence of the breed. It is necessary my readers should ever bear in mind, that I have never at any time of my life kept my breeding cows and young stock high, and only gave them when finishing for the butcher such keep as they amply paid for. This they did more than any cattle I could buy in to feed for the butcher, and they would leave more profit or a greater return for the food consumed than any other cattle, not my own breeding would pay. Stock that will not bear these tests are unprofitable to the breeder, and this has injured, and too often ruined breeders of Shorthorns, as dear-bought experience has proved to too many of them. Some of these men, however, railed at me for not keeping my cattle better, saying, "persons could not judge of my cattle as I kept them so poorly when young, while they, by giving their calves wet nurses, and after wards high keep, showed them much forward." Now I have seen the end of many such who came at last to have no Shorthorns left worth looking at, while mine have remained unimpaired in constitution, and kept on breeding. As a proof, I have now my 68th Duchess since Mr. C. Colling's sale, besides many not numbered, and scarcely ever keeping a cow over a year, when not in calf in the autumn. As a proof of this, I parted with the grandam of Duke of Northumberland when three years old because she slipped her second calf. I made her dry and sold her fat in two months after wards. Several others of the same age, of excellent quality, I similarly disposed off, lest that complaint should again occur in my herd, having had in 1804-5 a severe loss, by cows casting their calf, when I used Mr. R. Colling's bull in Styford in 1804. Had I kept on such cows, my Duchess would far have exceeded the number of 60 in the period from Mr. Colling's sale in 1810; and yet, after all, where is there one breeder of Shorthorns who can show one-tenth of the number since that period, from the animals that were bough at that sale? I doubt it much whether there are *any* now remaining, and if so, who has them, or where are they to be found? Not in Coates' Herd Book at least. And would they not have been there had there been any?

As to the Chilton herd, except it had been for the cross with St. Albans,* where would any have been found? Nowhere, except in the coarse ill bred strain of Jupiter, and his sons Mars, &c., &c., whose progeny showed a character, as breeders, that it took even St. Albans to restore. This was after Jupiter had been used on the tender delicate Sir Oliver's progeny, and their relatives from the St. John blood, where the delicacy commenced, and if it was not forced keep that brought that delicacy on, what was it? That

* This was Mr. John Wood's bull (1419). The story is well known and I believe authentic, that Mr. Wood sold his bull to a butcher to slaughter, and that some years after in looking over Mr. Mason's Farm he found a bull in a dark stall, and on looking at him at once recognized his old bull, which he supposed had been killed long before, and to this bull the excellence of Mr. Mason's stock, afterwards was due. Mr. Mason bought him from the butcher, or had sent the butcher to buy him from Mr. Wood.

th came hereditary there can be no doubt of: but never before St. John's day did I ever hear of hereditary disease in cattle.

I well remember in August, 1812, when Baroness, by St. John, the daughter of my first Duchess, dropped down in the byre after milking, and never rose again. I sent for a cow doctor (Mr. John Charlton, of Haddon-on-the-wall), who, on seeing her, said, "This is what I have met with before in cattle having the St. John's blood. and I am certain that it is hereditary in that blood." I had never heard of hereditary disease before in cattle, and laughed at the idea, but dear bought experience convinced me of the reality, and many who had that blood suffered the loss of thousands of pounds therefrom. This they have acknowledged to me, while there is the confession made by St. John's owner, Mr. Mason, at his sale in 1829, that he had lost more than twenty thousand pounds by breeding Shorthorns, that could not by any stratagem be evaded. Yet, strange to say, in this day, after Sir Thomas Fairfax blood can no longer be bolstered up as unsurpassable, the very dregs of Mr. Mason's herd are brought forward and held up as non-suches; or, to use their own words "proved by authority" the "invincible." Was ever one of that tribe heard of till Cassandra and her produce were puffed up? Even Captain Shafton himself was placed nowhere at the Highland Society's Show, at Dumfries, in 1845, for a grandson of Duke of Northumberland, Walton, obtained the highest premium, and Mr. Jobson's bull, by second Duke of Northumberland, was placed second. A painter, without principle, may make the worst of animals to be all perfection to appearance on canvas, when the animal itself is the very reverse of anything good whatever, and only the result of forced feeding, which to the eye of a real judge shows the deficiency to be, altogether, the more glaring. Now the value of pedigree depends not upon the length of such pedigree, *but on the length of time there had been a succession of the best blood, without any inferior blood intervening, in such succession.* This can only be known by those who have known all the various crosses there are in any animal, and the blood or breeding of such from their own knowledge of the tribes from which they came, and how that produce bred again. There even the greatest judgment is required, which nothing but a long experience can give; and, in the present day, there are few indeed who can give that proper information which is requisite to decide with accuracy in all cases. I have ever recorded the opinions of older breeders than myself from 1872, on which I have exercised my own judgment, and marked the results, which exienced experience gave me, and as these have all agreed, after 65 years' experience, there is then no danger of error.

I have made these remarks on the stocks of the Messrs. R. and C. Colling, and shall now record my observations on others. The late Mr. John Maynard, from whom Mr. C. Colling obtained the predecessors of Comet, gave me under his hand, dated the 13th of March, 1820, a statement of many facts little known amongst breeders of Shorthorns in his day. He remembered that tribe of which he sold to Mr. C. Colling his cow Favorite and her daughter, Strawberry, from the year 1870, now a century ago, and he said the originals were great milkers. The first three in succession had always to be milked before calving. The distemper prevailed amongst cattle called the murrain (or cattle plague) when he was a boy going to school, before the year 1750, and he remembered some of his father's cattle being sold which died of that distemper: and also that this complaint did not extend beyond the river Tees to the northward, as there was a strong cordon drawn, and a strict guard kept, that no cattle should pass the Tees. He remembered besides that their servants conveyed the cream across the Tees in a boat, and churned it on the Durham side of the river, and then sent the butter to Darlington market, as no butter was allowed to pass the Tees for that market. Mr. Maynard's father lived at Eryholme adjoining the river Tees, and was thus enabled to dispose of his butter. The three generations of Shorthorns were, *before the cross of Mr. Jolly's bull,* bred, as I have before stated, by Mr. Wm. Wastell, of Burdon; and his cow—daughter to Jolly's bull—was called Strawberry, which gave a very superior character to this tribe of Shorthorns. He then put the strawberry cow, so bred, to Mr. Jacob Smith's bull of Givendale, near Boroughbridge; this bull was of a yellowish red colour, with a white back, white face, and white legs to the knee—but he knew nothing of his breeding—and this again was put to Mr. Ralph Alcock's bull (bred by Mr. Michael Jackson, Hutton Bonville, near Northallerton, the pedigree of which cannot be traced). He was remarkable for his handling, lively looks, and all his stock were like himself. This was the cow Mr. Maynard sold to Mr. C. Colling, the 30th September, 1786. She was then seven years old, and the price was £30, and twelve shillings was returned; her calf he was to take the next spring, February 13th, 1787, and her price was to be ten guineas. Mr. Maynard had an own sister to this calf, but it took still more to its sire, called Dalton Duke (kept by Mr. Maynard and Mr. Wetherall), which bull Mr. Maynard (as well as the Messrs. Colling), described as a bad haired bull, and bad handler. The year following (1787), Mr. C. Colling allowed Mr. Maynard to send three of his best cows to Hubback bull, and he had a bull calf—which portook of Hubback's character—off one of them, and on putting this bull, by Hubback, to Strawberry's sister, the produce was quite the reverse to the dam, "taking Hubback's character, and she was of a large frame, and was a great feeder, and her handling good." I give this in Mr. Maynard's own words, that it may be seen how great a change Hubback produced on this tribe of cattle; for the sister to Strawberry "had a thick skin, and was a hard handler, her hair as strong as pig's bristles, and was plain shaped, and lo- sided," and being tired of keeping her, *he sold her to Mr. C. Mason* in 1796, *having put her dry to feed for the butcher.* Messrs. Colling were both there at this time, on their way from Northallerton fair, and they could not think (so bad was she) that she could not be a daughter of Mr. C. Colling's Favorite cow; but Mr. Maynard assured me it was the case. Mr. C. Mason on buying her, put her to Mr. C. Colling's bull, Favorite, and gave her the name of Miss Lax. Mr. C. Mason's Lily was the produce, yet she was far from being a good handler, and her hair was thin and short, though she was always kept in the very highest condition. Mr. C. Mason's other cow, kept together with Lily, in the same high condition, was named Fortune, and in the Herd Book has the following pedigree, "bred by Mr. C Colling, calved in 1703, by Bolingbroke, dam by Foljamb, g. d. by Hubback, gr. d. by bred by Mr. Maynard."

Now I think it right here to state that both Mr. Maynard and Mr. Charles Colling, assured me that they never had any bargain for a female Shorthorn, except the cow and calf above stated. Knowing this fact from both the above gentlemen, and having seen this pedigree exhibited, I mentioned it in order to prove the absolute necessity for all pedigrees intended for the Herd Book to have been proved before a committee, for that purpose, before it was published. I named this to Mr. Jonas Whitaker, and three other persons at Mrs. Wright's sale at Cleasby, in 1820. I then desired them to accompany me to Mr. C. Colling, to ask him the question. They did accompany me, and on naming it to Mr. C. Colling, and asking him what cattle he ever bred of that pedigree, he said there could be none so bred. He added that he sold Hubback and Foljamb the same autumn, in 1787, before Foljamb was a year old, and that he only had Favorite cow, bought of Mr. Maynard, and by Hubback in 1787, and on calving had her and her daughter served by Foljamb, before he left after being sold; that no cow of Mr. Maynard's could have both those crosses, Hubback and Foljamb. I told the party that, if a Herd Book published all that persons sent to the editor, it was of no value as a record, and would only tend to deceive. Yet the Herd Book was so published, and is, in consequence, of no value, and only tends to deceive the ignorant and to mislead them, and it can only end in injuring a cause it is presumed to benefit. I had spent much time and put myself to much trouble and expense in order to furnish Mr. Coates with materials without which he could not have succeeded in publishing the first Herd Book.

[To be continued.]

☞ Bronzed turkeys are said to be a cross between the domestic, or tame, and wild turkey and make the finest and strongest birds. They resemble as closely as possible the original stock, and look not dissimilar to wild birds, and next to them weigh the heaviest, fatten the most rapidly, and can be reared with much less trouble than any other variety.

Correspondence.

AGRICULTURE OF MASSACHUSETTS AND VERMONT.

Editor of Massachusetts Ploughman:

While in your city last fall, I was favored with the opportunity of spending a pleasant half hour with the Secretary of your State Board of Agriculture, Hon. Charles L. Flint. He kindly presented me with the last Report of the Board, and I have been much interested in examining its contents. Although possessing a limited knowledge of the farming interests of your State, principally obtained from the Agricultural press, yet this volume, containing as it does a condensed report of the meetings of your State Board, agricultural societies, fairs, &c., with so much of fact and experience as brought out in the statements of individuals, which is invaluable to farmers as a fund of information, has added largely to my previous knowledge, and I can most sincerely congratulate your state which, although so small in area, yet nobly maintains so conspicuous a position in the foremost ranks of progressive agriculture.

How much of this position—how much of the energy, thrift and intelligence of the farmers of Massachusetts is owing to the labors and influence of this Board of Agriculture, which for nearly a score of years has sought by precept and example to ennoble and elevate what God designed should be the purest and best occupation of man, let the farmers of Massachusetts answer.

Up here in Vermont we too have a Board of Agriculture, lately formed, and earnestly trust that much of good will be accomplished through its agency, to the farming and kindred interests of our State, and that in good time we shall have the pleasure of reading its volume of transactions, which while in its infancy may not be so extensive as that of Massachusetts, yet will be none the less interesting to the people of our State.

These two States are linked together by ties of uncommon interest and we trust the kindliest feeling. While your State, Mr. Editor, unites manufactures and trade to a large extent with agricultural pursuits, *ours* is mostly engaged in the latter as an occupation. Look at the long lines of railroad that connect Boston and other large cities of Massachusetts, with different points in our State. Notice the large amount of business done by them; the almost continual shipping of the products of Vermont farms to your city, while in return the almost numberless articles of commerce and trade are brought into our midst.

Examine the Market Reports of the *Ploughman*, and you will find that a goodly proportion of the cattle, sheep and swine—and I think we may as well add also of butter and cheese—come from Vermont.

Here is a mutual relationship. You need the products of our soil, we need your city as a market for the same,—and we trust that the present system of exchange and of good feeling may be continued for an indefinite time to come.

Vermont may be and doubtless is considerably behind Massachusetts in age and experience, in relation to agricultural pursuits, yet we trust that with energy and perseverance properly directed, this difference in the race of improvement will be sensibly diminished as the years progress, and that our State will soon become more generally known and read of in connection with the reports of the different associations organized for the benefit of the leading interest of the people.

Franklin Co., Vt. E. R. T.

HOW MANY QUARTS OF MILK TO A POUND OF BUTTER.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

In the *Ploughman* of Dec. 2nd, you ask for information in reply to the above inquiry, and your correspondent, J Z G. quotes Dr. Nichols and the *Scientific American* as representing sixteen quarts to be the average quantity of milk required to produce a pound of butter. I feel sure this is much too high for any of our butter breeds of cows.

I have lately had the question tested on my farm with the following results:—The milk of six cows (three imported Jerseys and three pure bred Kerries) was carefully and separately measured, and the cream of each breed churned and the butter weighed by itself. The milk of the three Jerseys required 8 24-25 quarts to produce one pound of butter, and that of the three Kerries required 8 2-3 quarts. All the milk of these six cows during the last week in October was used in the experiment.

The cows had all been fed at the barn during the summer, upon the soiling system. The three Jerseys received then and during the time of the experiment, one feed per day of bran and meal in addition to the usual feed which the three Kerries had received.

I regret that I did not in my experiment include the milk of some grade Ayrshire cows, separately. Perhaps some of your correspondents with whom this breed is a favorite, will test the butter producing qualities of their milk, and give us the result.

I intend to make further trials next June and afterwards, and hope to hear through your paper of the result of experiments with other herds in our state, and especially of the different breeds and the grades of each.

D. F. APPLETON.

Ipswich, Dec. 2nd.

THE ROOSTER AND HIS FLOCK.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I learn by reading the *Ploughman*, that there are many generous minded persons who are willing to impart their experience to the world that the world may be benefitted. Now our duty is plain to do all the good we can to others. If we have had any experience that will do the world good, let the world have it. I see by the *Ploughman* of Dec. 9th, an estimate of the number of hens to be kept with one cock, I do not see any objection to that estimate. One or two suggestions in addition may be made to those who wish to have all the eggs hatch which they take the pains to set. I have always been in the habit of killing the rooster as soon as all the eggs are set for chickens, which is about planting time, because the rooster will lead the hens into all the mischief they are capable of after planting. But I found of late that my wife would winter two roosters instead of one as heretofore with a flock of twenty-five or thirty hens, and would not suffer them to be killed as we used to do. After finding fault with her for several years because we had so much mischief done by scratching roosters, she explained her reason to be that one rooster was partial to a part of the hens and showed a decided animosity to the others and she was satisfied that was the reason why about half of the eggs she had set had proved to be rotten when the others would deliver bright and lively chickens. If your readers will watch when they feed their hens, they will see their rooster maliciously run at, and fight a part of the flock, showing a constant dislike to them. Be sure not to set eggs from those rejected hens, as their eggs would not have vitality, but select eggs from hens to which the rooster is partial.

I will make one suggestion more and that is that the rooster should not be nearly related to the hens and that your luck will depend on observing this caution also. Last summer we had a pair of young Guinea fowls and the male showed a continual dislike to the female by fighting her from his company when feeding them, and about forty of her eggs were set, no vitality was found in any of them. This is a point worth observing. C. T.

Salisbury, December 13th 1871.

MILK PRODUCERS' ASSOCIATION.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Winter has come, and let it be a winter of great *importance* and *profit* to our Association. We must not rest until we have made arrangements to carry our own milk into Boston market.

We do not need to make any more middlemen rich. I think it quite time to have the profit on milk ourselves. If we have not got men that belong to our Association as competent and as smart as some of the middlemen I think it a great pity. The whole of this business is wrong.

Look at the amount of money that we lose every year. Look at the price the middlemen pay for the car; ten and twenty thousand dollars. What do they buy? Nothing but the privilege of making a fortune out of our farmers.

It is high time that business is done with. Do as the farmers do at New York. They run their own milk to market, and then milk amounts to something, and makes a good business. Here the middlemen grind the farmer into the ground. Are we stupid enough to stand this any longer? No, I say.

I don't wonder that our boys don't want to stay on our farms, they say we can't make any money. 'Tis too true, we do not, and we cannot in the way that we do our business.

I ask, who finds capital for the middlemen to do the business with? who finds money to buy a car and pay twenty thousand dollars for it? Answer, the farmers; and they are out of their money from thirty to ninety days. Farmers, milk raising will be a good business when we run our milk to market ourselves, and that we must do, and will do, I the hope, first of next April, 1872.

The railroads are ready to carry our milk and the men at Boston are ready to buy it.

I hope, sir, that every farmer that sells milk will attend the great mass meeting to be held at Groton Junction on the 4th of January next, to make arrangements to run our milk to market ourselves the first of next April.

There are hundreds of farmers who stand ready to-day to take hold of this matter, and have the business done as it ought to be done and shall be done. A FARMER.

THE CHEESE MARKET.

During the past month we have experienced a good demand for the finer descriptions of English cheese. Medium and common sorts have been quite neglected, although offered at very low prices, principally on account of the badness of the quality and make; this refers to both Cheshire and Cheddar, and especially the former.

American Cheese early in the month were dull, stock accumulating, and prices touched 5½c. for the finest quality, whilst good useful sorts were plentiful at 40s. to 46s. During the past ten days, in consequence of an improvement in prices in America, said to be caused by a large Southern and home demand, and the speculative purchases of some Liverpool houses, prices have considerably advanced.

In London and Liverpool, during this week, 58s. to 60s. has been freely paid for finest quality, and 48s. to 52s. for similar sorts to those previously selling at 40s. to 46s. stocks at all points are quite cleared from importers, and a large demand exists for next arrivals, at full prices. Canadian cheese has experienced a similar advance and demand, closing firm at 54s for best marks. Imports of American into Great Britain, for the first four weeks of this month, were 267,451 boxes.

Dutch cheese has experienced a further advance on the month, and are proportionately by far the dearest cheese offering in the English market. The demand in Holland for export to France and the Baltic is still said to absorb all that can be found of suitable quality for those markets.—*London Milk Journal.*

COW STABLES.

I will give your readers my experience in making stable floors for milch cows. In stabling milch cows in winter, their bags are often badly besmeared, and consequently it is a dirty job to milk, hence I have often thought that I would rather do without milk in winter. But early last winter I went to work and overhauled my stable floor, and relaid it as follows: Raising it two inches from the manger, far enough back for the cows to stand on, leaving a fall of two inches immediately behind the cows to the outside of the stable. In so doing, the droppings mostly fall on the floor that has the fall of two inches, and when the cows lie down they lie on the raised floor, and their bags are usually clean. The length of plank on the raised part should be varied from four to five feet, according to size of cows.

I wish also to say a few words in regard to manure windows. Many farmers have a small window about four feet high, which makes it very hard to throw out manure, and it falls down against the barn, and if by chance (as it often does) it lies there till fall, it does the barn no good. I think a better way for manure windows is to have a small slide door on the sill, and then one can easily throw out manure so far with a long handled shovel, which is much easier than a short handle, that it will not injure the barn by lying.—*Ohio Farmer.*

COMBINATION OF FARMERS' INTERESTS

Reported for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

Abstract of an Essay read before the Waltham Farmers' Club by M. E. W. Lane, on the following subject:—

"*Traders and trade unions; their influence on the business of the community. Is ould a combination of the farming interests be a benefit to their general prosperity?*"

The subject for discussion this evening is so broad, and the interests involved in it are so diverse and important, that the time necessary for anything like an adequate and exhaustive consideration of them, is vastly greater than our limits will permit.

The subject of mechanical associations and trades unions is occupying the minds of the best thinkers of the age, and the now unsolved problems of labor reform and the so called elevation of labor, or the clothing it in new and greater dignity bid fair to—perhaps in our day—almost revolutionize every system now existing.

It is not my purpose to touch upon these matters, and, indeed, it seems to me that they are, in a great measure, foreign to the main subject in which, we, as farmers are interested, namely:—

"Would a combination of the farming interests be of benefit to their general prosperity?" and to this question with your permission I will limit myself.

In the first place,

while a large profit is to be counted on from the manufacture of the cheese, the manure which is produced readily replaces in the soil the constituents which have been taken from it.

Precisely as a cheese factory may be operated by an association of farmers, a butter factory may be run. A beet sugar factory may be established and operated in the same way, by a combination of the growers. The buildings may be erected and the machinery purchased by their combined capital and their employed agents could operate the factory, distributing the profits *pro rata* among the contributors of the raw material. A saw mill or broom factory, or either of many other industries might be operated by the combined capital of farmers. But, you will observe that it is always necessary that the farmer's combination must always be for *manufacturing* some specialty not for producing any, and we cannot arrive at the conclusion that co-operative *farming* as such would be impracticable, and a combination of all farming interests impossible.

It is possible and practicable for a number of farmers to combine and employ one or more agents in cities, at stated salaries, to whom they could consign all their produce, for him to sell; each bearing a certain share of the expenses of the agents, or allowing a certain percentage on the sales. It is a question if this method would be preferable to the present commission system, bad as this is. The Milk Producers' Association is, I believe, to be managed after this plan and its operations will be watched with great interest by all.

THE PRICE OF MILK.

The Secretary of the Milk Producers' Association, Daniel Rand, Esq., in his annual Report thus speaks of this vital point in practical prosecution of the dairy business:

"No question is deemed of more vital importance to you, than that which relates to the price at which milk shall be sold, and none has occasioned more discussion, or drawn out more conflicting opinions. *It is* of the greatest importance that you obtain a *fair* compensation for the product of your farms, for upon this will depend your success or failure. Your Board have drawn their conclusions from incontrovertible reasons in the existing state of things. Their decisions have been based upon facts gathered from every source affecting favorably or unfavorably your ability to produce milk. Their demands have been neither extortionate nor unjust; but others have widely differed from them in opinion, and at no period since this Association was organized has the contest waged more fiercely than the past year. We have no opinion to express as to whom belongs the victory, but we do know to whom belongs the right.

"It would require too much time to review the miserable tactics employed by some to get free from a fair promise to allow you the winter's price for the month of April of the current year. The promise was fairly made by some, and by them most unfairly shuffled off. Your reliance upon fair words was for this once misplaced, and if it recurs again in the same manner, you will deserve to be cheated. No special difficulty occurred in arranging the price for last summer, but as we approached the winter, there were evident signs of a storm; it was strongly intimated by some that the Association must go down, and as a means to this end the price of milk must go down also. At our meeting in September, after a careful consideration of all the facts bearing upon the case, it was unanimously voted to retain the price of the previous winter, but with this vote the contractors refused to comply, and we parted, resolved on our part to maintain our position, or go down in the attempt. Meetings were called in different localities, earnest addresses were made, stirring arts as appeared a number of the papers, and the unanimous opinion of farmers was expressed that milk could not and must not be made at the prices offered by contractors. Some reduced their stock, some reduced the quantity of feed, and *some*, true to their pledges, refused to sell at all; the supply came less than the demand, and each day was becoming perceptibly reduced, when the convic. tion became general that the time had come for a special meeting of the Board, and on the 9th of November they met to consider the situation; at this meeting, the vote of the previous meeting was re-affirmed, and the contractors accordingly notified. Some discussion arose as to the time of the first rise should commence, and to old further conflict, it was agreed that from December 1st, 1871, to April 2, 1872, the price should be the same as last winter, thus saving the producer more than 60,000 dollars in four months. And here it is proper to state that if the members of the association had refused to deliver their milk, except at the price agreed upon by us on the 1st of October, not three days would have elapsed before our action would have been confirmed and much bitter feeling saved.

The strongest argument against raising the price of milk has been that it would cause a glut in the market, which surplus the contractor must lose or make up into cheese or butter at a loss; to meet this argument and to add to the damaging effects of a surplus, a resolution was passed at our meeting in September, that the contractor should only be obliged to furnish such quantities as the market required. We take this resolution has not been well understood. Contracts have made two offers, the first to supply for the market at the higher rate, and the other the whole at equanimity made, at seven cents less per can; each bearing a manner signified their preference for the lower price in the terms named. Now, a little study and a few figures will show the folly of the conclusion.

Suppose the average surplus to be one-fifth of the whole supply, and taking 100 as a basis of estimate; 100 cans at 45 cents a per will amount to $45; and keeping back one-fifth, the balance at the higher price will amount to $45.93 1-3; and taking the gross amount of milk sold in Boston in a single day per Inspector's report, the amount in favor of higher price and less quantity is 91.66 100 cans per day to take your surplus milk. It is such speculations as these, that have taken much of the hard earnings of the producer. Opinions in relation to price are equally based on the existing state of things in a particular locality, and the difference in a diversity of opinions; for instance, the farmers in Essex and Worcester counties are favorably located on the best of natural grass farms, cows are productive for years without losing up, pastures are of the best, and the best of stock can be kept without difficulty; this state of things does not exist in every part, and the luck has to be made up by per-istent toil, and great sacrifice; one may be getting the same price, while the other loses on every pail of milk sold at the same price.

No just price can be fixed without an aggregate of all the circumstances connected with the question, nor can justice be done to all if a regard self only in their decision. Let consideration affecting the production, and demand be well considered in establishing price."

THE COLD TERM IN NEBRASKA. The Omaha Herald furnish some interesting particulars of the effects of the cold weather recently experienced in the Far West. In Nebraska the cold has been intense and protracted, and the sufferings unprecedentedly severe. Large numbers of cattle were frozen to death, in one instance a whole family perishing from ex osure. They ran out of fuel of any kind, and the man started a timber to obtain some, and froze to death in his team. The woman burned everything she could find to burn, and finally placed her baby in the oven of the stove and burned a part of her own clothing to prevent it from freezing, but without avail. The infant was frozen to death, as well as the mother, and both were found, the babe in the oven, and the guardian angel beside it, after the storm had abated.

THE BOSTON JOURNAL.—The prospectus of the *Boston Journal*, daily, semi-weekly and weekly and the *Ploughman* of this week. The position of the *Journal* among the New England newspapers has been long established. As a paper for news it is unsurpassed in the enterprise displayed by the proprietors. Its correspondence is always fresh and newsy. Circulating largely all over New England, the *Journal* seems to give all the important local news and gossip in each State. We believe that it presents superior advantages as a family daily or weekly.

PENSION STATISTICS. Official investigations of the Pension office show that in the Revolutionary War 278,021 soldiers served, of whom 70,000 were pensioned. In the Mexican War, 30,000 soldiers served, of whom 11,308 were pensioned, and in the War for the suppression of the Rebellion, 2,688,523 soldiers served, of whom 238,381 were pensioned.

ATHEWS COMPOUND. The preparation of Mr. Mathews is advertised in another column, for improving the condition of Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Swine, and fattening poultry, which if it has been before the public, has been found to be a valuable preparation. It has been extensively sold and used by stock owners.

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC 23, 1871

☞ The *Ploughman* will appear in new type next week, and other improvements are in progress, which will be duly announced.

"MERRY CHRISTMAS."

The Holiday season converts an otherwise bleak and repulsive part of the year into its liveliest, cheeriest, warmest, and most attractive feature. Christmas comes but once a year, but it brings joys of its own and leaves memories never matched till it comes round again. It is especially delightful this year in the universal anticipation. There is a general disposition to make the most of its pleasures. The stores of our tradesmen and trafficers betray the popular secret. The shop windows glitter with attractions for gifts from street to street. The people have been out purchasing presents one for another all the week. Children flatten their noses against the panes, feeding their thoughts with the wonderful visions on the other side; and their little heads at home are all but turned with wild guesses of what Santa Claus is going to bring them down the sooty chimney. What rows of little stockings will be hung up by the fireside tomorrow evening, and how very early the next morning the house will be aroused with the pattering of young feet just out of warm beds, and the calling of shrill voices from chamber to chamber. There is no dawn in all the year so joyous as that of Christmas day. Glad faces encircle all the breakfast tables, and the exhibition of the day's gifts forms a scene that deserves a painter to sketch it separately in every home. It is Christmas, and that means nothing but happiness, good will and blessed peace all over the world.

The churches observe the day to a more general extent than ever, the Episcopal and Catholic making of it a genuine Holiday. The sacred edifices are clad in a vesture of the freshest green, and stars of winter flowers break out all over the posts and windows and walls to testify to the general gladness of worshipping congregations. Anthems are chanted in the Day's honor, for it announces the anniversary of the birth of the Prince of Peace. And in all families there is grateful gathering of the members around the famous Christmas dinner, of turkey, and plum pudding and mince pies,—the hearty custom of Old England engrafted acceptably upon New. In the evening follow games and diversions, and all are joyous and merry, giving themselves up unreservedly to the influences of the time. What would the social State become without a Holiday like this, a reminder of an event of the profoundest meaning to the inhabitants of the earth, and an inspirer of joy too deep and true to be mistaken for any similar experience through the lengthened year. That every family into whose happy circle the *Ploughman* enters may know the entire delights of the Christmas season this year, is the sincere wish with which we greet them to-day. We extend them our congratulations and offer them our warmest wishes. And to all our friends and patrons, old and young, far and near, we tender in the joyous spirit of the season itself, "A Merry Christmas."

The New York Ring.—The proceedings against the plunderers lately in the city government of New York are progressing, and the interests of the people are in the hands of the most eminent lawyers, who will leave no effort untried to bring them to justice. Connolly is still in Ludlow street jail, unable to obtain the heavy bail required of him, and another warrant has been issued and served on him. William M. Tweed, who is the next greatest plunderer, was arrested last week on a similar charge of stealing the public money, and was committed to the Tombs. Tweed is supposed to have appropriated to his own use the enormous sum of five million dollars and upwards. Indictments will probably be found against other participators in the frauds. The disclosures made by the investigations of the citizens' committee show a most unheard of amount of corruption and wickedness in the men who had the most important offices in the city, and it will be long before public confidence is restored in the financial management of the affairs of the city. There is little prospect that any great amount of the money stolen will be recovered. The accused men have the means to employ and have employed the ablest counsel, and until their arrest have disported themselves as if nothing serious was impending over them. Now that they receive their friends in the walls of a prison, they may find that high position will not secure immunity from punishment and disgrace.

Christmas Eve.—Let the young people have full swing and play on the sacred eve of Christmas, for it is a time dedicated to youth, freshness and joy; and the associations are of games, and stockings hung in the corner, and fireside blaze, and merry talk, and domestic happiness. No cloud of disappointment and ill-feeling ought to cross the sky of that dearest of all periods of time. The world is shut out, and love overflows. Kind wishes are exchanged; happy voices intermingle; parents and children knit their feelings together; gifts pass from hand to hand; the anthems are sung in the churches; the stores are still open for the belated purchasers; the markets groan and glitter with the loads of their substantial wealth; and people walk briskly homeward, as if they felt every one, that around the hearth was the only place where happiness and peace are most worthily celebrated.

The Prince of Wales.—The fever under which the heir presumptive of the English throne lay at the point of death as was supposed for a week or more, has spent its crisis, and the patient is on the convalescing turn. It was not until Friday of last week that the great anxiety of the English people experienced the relief which the more favorable bulletins afforded. The whole nation, as well as the American people, exhibited the most intense interest in the progress of the case. Whatever the character, conduct and habits of the Prince, and we are inclined to believe that he is not so bad as he is described, when he was believed to be in his last hours, sympathy with the Queen and the royal family, and especially with the Princess Alexandra and her young children, engrossed the public thoughts, and for the moment all his real and supposed misdeeds were forgotten. The illness of the Queen herself could have hardly stirred the sympathies and feelings of the people more profoundly. The event has shown the true loyalty of the English people to the reigning family, and will not soon be forgotten. The nature of the Prince's disease was probably the severest form of typhoid fever. The daily bulletins are now of a most encouraging character. For several days last week our morning papers had a report of his condition up to four or five o'clock, English time, of the day of publication; one of the wonders of the Atlantic Telegraph.

The Christmas Tree.—It is a pretty custom, that of planting the Christmas tree in the parlor, and hanging upon it the fruitage of the year's kindest and holiest feelings. The children have come to regard it as a growth dedicated wholly to their own happiness. A crowd of bright young faces around one of these heavily laden plants is a sight worth the seeing, and no father or mother who would enjoy the true child's delight, will forego the pains or cost that ornament home with one of these green attractions on Christmas day, and sends a feeling of new warmth through every fibre of the heart. Nothing is prettier to look at, while the awakened joy of childhood is more than compensation for all.

CONGRESS.

The present session of Congress being what is called the presidential session, will no doubt be as much devoted to political manœuvering and to making political capital for one or the other party as is usual at similar sessions. In the Senate last week a resolution was introduced by Mr. Anthony of Rhode Island, to create a standing committee of seven on investigation and retrenchment. There was quite a spirited contention over this and an amendment proposed by Mr. Trumbull of Illinois, that the power of the committee should be broad enough to cover all kinds of peculations and irregularities of government officials, and in the debate, which was shared in by many of the prominent members, many severe things were said of the administration. The drift of the remarks of the advocates of the broadest and most thorough investigation, was that many defalcations had come to light and that a thorough investigation should be had of every department of the public service, to discover what was wrong and to recommend and carry out needed reforms. Mr. Trumbull expressed the opinion that the civil service of the United States was the worst in the world.

The subject was debated two days, and finally the majority agreed to accept a resolution that the Committee of Investigation and Retrenchment be instructed to inquire into the expenditures in all branches of the service of the United States, and report whether any and what offices ought to be abolished; whether any and what salaries or allowances ought to be reduced; what are the methods of procuring accountability in public officers or agents in the care and disbursement of public moneys; whether moneys have been paid out illegally; whether any officers or agents, or other persons, have been or are employed in the public service without authority of law, or unnecessarily; and generally how and to what extent the expenses of the service of the country may and ought to be curtailed.

On motion of Mr. Wilson of Massachusetts, the Senate took up the House bill relating to the eight hour law, providing for the payment to workmen employed by the United States of the amounts which were deducted from their wages when the law first went into force, and before the declaratory act of Congress that it should not be construed so as to reduce their wages in proportion. Mr. Trumbull moved to amend by repealing the law, which was also advocated by Senator Ferry, and by Senator Morrill of Vermont. The bill was referred.

In the House, Mr. Hoar, of Massachusetts, from the Committee on Education, reported a bill for the appointment by the President, with the advice of the Senate, of a Commission of three, for two years—unless their duties are sooner accomplished—to investigate the subject of wages and hours of labor, the division of the joint profits of labor and capital between laborers and capitalists, and the social, educational and sanitary condition of the laboring classes of the United States, and show how the same are affected by existing laws, regulating commerce, finance and currency, the Commissioners to receive a salary of $5000 each, and may employ a clerk. They are to report the result of their investigation to the President, to be transmitted to Congress. Mr. Hoar supported the bill in an able speech recommending its immediate consideration by the House, but the House refused and the bill with amendments offered by members was ordered to be printed.

The bill apportioning the number of representatives under the new census, after debate was passed, fixing the number at two hundred and eighty-three. A bill was passed appropriating the sum of $68,000 for the expenses of the Claims commission under the treaty of Washington. A bill was also debated and passed, appropriating two million dollars for the purchase of land for a building at Chicago, to comprise all the United States offices and courts in that city, with the promise that the whole expense of the building should not exceed four millions.

THE APPORTIONMENT OF REPRESENTATIVES.

The bill which has just passed the House, fixing the number of representatives and the ratio of representation, makes the standard of population 136,219 for each representative. The bill provides that the House shall consist of 283 members, distributed as follows: Maine 5, New Hampshire 2, Vermont 2, Massachusetts 11, Rhode Island 2, Connecticut 4, New York 32, New Jersey 7, Pennsylvania 26, Delaware 1, Maryland 6, Virginia 9, North Carolina 8, South Carolina 5, Georgia 9, Alabama 7, Mississippi 6, Louisiana 5, Ohio 21, Kentucky 10, Tennessee 9, Indiana 12, Illinois 19, Missouri 13, Arkansas 3, Michigan 9, Florida 1, Texas Iowa 9, Wisconsin 8, California 4, Minnesota 3, Oregon 1, Kansas 3, West Virginia 3, Nevada 1, Nebraska 1.

The bill adds forty to the present number of representatives. New England loses one in all, Massachusetts gaining one and Vermont and New Hampshire losing one each. The Middle States gain five. The Southern States gain thirteen, the constitutional amendments providing for the counting of the colored population in the number of inhabitants for the new basis of representation. The Western States gain twenty-three. The relative percentage of these divisions of the country in representation are somewhat changed, New England having now eleven and one tenth per cent of the whole representation of the country, and under the new bill nine and two tenths per cent. The change in the number of representatives to which Massachusetts will be entitled under this bill if it becomes a law, will necessitate the redistricting of the whole State. The bill has been carefully considered and will probably not be much changed by the Senate.

Printing Sermons.—It is said even of the famously eloquent Whitfield that he does not appear so well in type as he did in elocution. The secretly elected Mass officers: President, J. S. Blair of Brimfield; vice-presidents, James G. Allen of Palmer and O. M. Graves of Monson; directors, Horace Wallace, jr., of Holland William Sessions of Wilbraham, Arthur Norcross, O. H. Carpenter and William Tucker of Monson, James Gamwell and E. B. Gates of Palmer, Horace Perry of Belchertown; secretary and treasurer, George Robinson.

Tragedy at Lynn. One of the most shocking of the many recent murders in the country happened at Lynn last week. A man named Vannar, who appears to have been of a coarse brutal and passionate man, was boarding with his wife at the house of a Mrs Roundy, and Saturday morning seized his wife by the hair and inflicted several murderous stabs which soon caused her death. An alarm was raised and Vannar ran with the knife in his hand to a place between Boston and Main streets, whither he was followed by a crowd of people, among whom were some police officers. He threatened to kill any one who should attempt to arrest him. Various ways and means were discussed for his capture alive. A citizen ordered him to throw down his weapon and allow himself to be arrested. This also seemed to excite him and he made a similar response. The citizen then discharged a rifle, with blank cartridge, within six feet of the fellow's face, but even this did not intimidate him, for, after the smoke had cleared away, Vannar coolly drew forth a piece of tobacco from his pocket and commenced chewing it with as little concern of his situation as if he were in his own house. A consultation between the officers was then held, the result of which was that officer Thurston a person for whom the murderer had a dislike, was ordered to arrest him. This Mr. Thurston attempted to do by rushing in upon the maniac-like man, who stood glaring at his pursuers like some wild beast. As the officer grasped Vannar he was met by a thrust from the knife which he still carried; both men then closed, and Thurston raised his club to deal the fellow a blow, but as he did so he slipped on a twig and fell to the ground. Vannar was upon him in a moment, dealing heavy blows with the murderous knife, every one of which threatened to be his death. Marshal Barrett, seeing that Thurston's life was in imminent danger, drew his revolver and fired five shots, killing Vannar instantly.

Officer Thurston was immediately extricated from his position and taken to the station, whither the dead body of Vannar was also conveyed, surrounded by a large crowd. On examining the wounds of the officer it was found he had received several severe stabs on the head and also that one of the pistol shots had passed through his left hand. His wounds were dressed by Dr. Pinkham and he was then taken to his home, in a condition from which he will doubtless recover, though he had a very narrow escape.

Minister Schenck.—It was recently announced that Gen Schenck, our minister to England, allowed his name to be used as one of the directors of a speculative mining company called the Emma Mine, which fact has excited much criticism at home and abroad, as the company was extensively advertised in England with such recommendation as the name of the minister will give. The State Department has received a communication from Gen. Schenck, relative to his connection with the Mine. He explains the exact nature of his interest in Connection with the Company, and admitting the impropriety of a Minister Plenipotentiary embarking in commercial adventures in the country to which he is accredited, states that he has dissolved connection with the mining company and so will continue disconnected therewith, whilst he remains in his position as Minister. The State Department approves of this action, for it is argued that whether or not the embarkation in commercial pursuits on the part of a Minister Plenipotentiary be forbidden by any rule of diplomacy, yet inferentially it is inconsistent with the position which that official holds. It would be unjust to persons in competitive business to countenance the connection of a Minister in a private commercial pursuit, because by giving that business the aid of his official position, he brings to its assistance the dignity and power of his own Government.

The Life of the Stores.—What in European cities are known as shops, and properly so, we in this country style stores. All along the leading thoroughfares of Boston they have been, for the entire week, a sight worth a short journey to study. Windows upon windows, decked out in the most attractive of holiday finery, radiant with the promises that are wrapped up in gifts, glittering with jewels of most ingenious setting, and precious metals wrought by most skillful workmanship, piled full with books, choice stationery, toys, vases, bronzes, china sets, porcelains, glass ware, and general bijouterie, and giving forth for the whole length of a street an impressive idea of the riches that seek their lavish display in the heart of a large and populous city; these are the pictures which admiring throngs in the streets have gazed upon all the week, and from which selections have been generously made for the choicest of Christmas gifts.

No Law for Suicides.—A man in Worcester having failed in an attempt to destroy himself with a bullet from a pistol, was taken before a magistrate on a criminal charge of an attempt at self-murder, the theory being set up by the accuser that to lay violent hands on one's self is as flagrant a crime as to do the same thing by another person. The case found its way up to the Supreme Court, where it was admitted to a hearing; and the decision, which has but recently been made, now stands established, that an individual is at liberty at all times to kill himself if so inclined, though the law suffers no modification as to others. It is assumed, as an article of common sense, that a man must regard his own life with as much selfishness as he can any other treasure he can possibly possess.

The Last Local Tragedy.—We are thoroughly tired of chronicling the murders and various deeds of violence that are forced upon our attention from week to week, and therefore decline to make special note of them, as affording no profit, and certainly no pleasure, to our readers. But the recent bar barous tragedy at Lynn, by which a brute stabbed his wife to death and was himself subsequently shot and killed by the pursuing citizens, calls for at least a public expression of the sentiment of horror which is felt by all classes. It makes one fairly start, to think that he may be riding on the same seat in a railway car, with such a monster, or that one is passing him unchained in the public streets. What is there lacking in society to correct evils of such measureless magnitude.

HIGHLAND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—At the annual meeting of this Society at Middlefield on Monday, the following officers were chosen: President, Simon H. White; vice-presidents, Orrin Milliard and George W. Holcomb; secretary, J. McElwain: treasurer, George S. Ball; directors, Matthew Smith, William W. Gleason, Joshua Bemis, Horace Cole, D. Alderman, jr.; marshal, George H. Huntington; superintendent of grounds, Charles Wright; superintendent of hall, Clarkson Smith; delegate to the State board of Agriculture for three years, J. McElwain. The society voted to dispense with the ball, and to prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors at the annual fair; also to hold a farmers' institute at Hinsdale, January 4.

EASTERN HAMPDEN AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—This Society held its annual meeting at Palmer on Monday, appointed a committee to sell the whole or a part of the trotting park in that town to liquidate the society's debt, the same committee to secure a new place for the cattle shows. The society elected these officers: President, J. S. Blair of Brimfield; vice-presidents, James G. Allen of Palmer and O. M. Graves of Monson; directors, Horace Wallace, jr., of Holland William Sessions of Wilbraham, Arthur Norcross, O. H. Carpenter and William Tucker of Monson, James Gamwell and E. B. Gates of Palmer, Horace Perry of Belchertown; secretary and treasurer, George Robinson.

WORCESTER NORTH AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—The annual meeting of this society was held in Fitchburg, the 13th, and the following gentlemen were elected officers of the society for the ensuing year: President, John H. Lockey of Leominster; vice presidents, Leonard Downe, Fitchburg, Joseph Cozzens, Leominster; secretary and treasurer, George S. Houghton, Fitchburg. A board of trustees of sixty-three members were elected, and Captain L. T. Miles was chosen a member of the State Board of agriculture for three years. The treasurer's report was read and referred to the committee on finance. It shows the receipts for the past year to have been $3089 05. The balance in the treasury is $875 43. The amount of the floating debt of the society is $2884 58.

VERMONT STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—At the annual meeting of the State Agricultural Society and Wool Growers' Association at Burlington on Wednesday, the 13th, these officers were elected: President, Henry G. Root, of Burlington; Secretary, Henry Clark, of Rutland; Treasurer, N. B. Stafford, of White River Junction. Resolutions were passed protesting against any change in the principles of the present tariff, and asserting that the repeal of the duty on wool would result in ruin to that branch of industry.

RESIGNATION OF REPRESENTATIVE WASHBURN.—Hon. Wm. B. Washburn, Governor-elect of the Commonwealth, has notified Gov. Claflin of his resignation of his seat in the Forty-second Congress from the Ninth Massachusetts District, the resignation to take place on the 1st of January next, and as soon as the necessary papers can be prepared an election will be ordered to fill the vacancy.

READ AND RUN.

—"A triple marriage" was recently celebrated in Christ Church, Louisville, all three of the parties being connected.

—A clergyman of this city, while in the midst of a lecture, asked his audience to excuse him for a short time. He had entirely forgotten an appointment to marry a couple, and he hurried around to his church on the double quick to perform the ceremony.

—Liebig surprises us on this side of the Atlantic by asserting that there is not a good agricultural paper published in all Germany.

—The North Carolina legislature has of late been giving its attention to peanuts.

—Boston has been receiving foreign fruits by way of the Suez Canal.

—The punch bowl from which the original Boston Tea Party drank success to its undertaking prior to spilling the dried leaf in the harbor, has been presented to the Massachusetts Historical Society.

—London has been having an exhibition of cats. It must have been a-mews-ing.

—A hermit of ninety years recently died in his hut in the woods of Vermont, from exposure to the weather, who had lived a long life of seclusion on account of the loss of the girl he was expecting to marry. That is devotion.

—It is feared that the method pursued to save the Prince of Wales from prostration after the fever left him, will tell on his constitution as long as he lives.

—The Union Pacific has had hard luck with the snows this winter.

—A whole forest of Christmas trees has grown up this winter.

—The Supreme Court has decided that it is not criminal for a man to attempt suicide.

—If over the stores and streets of Boston indicated that Christmas was at the door, they have faithfully done so this present week.

—Such frightful tragedies as the one at Lynn make one almost shudder to think what monsters in human form he may encounter daily and never suspect the fact.

—A Christmas Box is not a bad box.

—Sothern, the legitimate and original "Lord Dundreary," is playing this week at the Boston Theatre.

☞ *Every Saturday* for Dec. 23rd has a splendid display of pictorial illustrations executed in the best style. The public will miss the historical pictures of this periodical after Jan. 1st, as it is proposed to issue it as a purely literary journal. James R. Osgood & Co. Publishers.

☞ From Maine to California millions of children are wearing SILVER TIPPED Shoes—Why not, they are the cheapest, durable and wear through at the toe. Try them. For sale by all Shoe Dealers. dec22-4t

VOLTAIC SOLES.

Are a SURE preventive and cure for COLD FEET, RHEUMATISM and CHILBLAINS. They give relief and comfort at once. Price $1.00 per pair. Sold only by the VOLTAIC ARMOR ASSOCIATION, 149 Tremont Street, Boston, and their authorized Agents.

Sent free on receipt of price.
oct21-tf.

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TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

All good housekeepers use the Crescent Soap for cleaning house, kitchen, tin, copper &c. It will leave a polish on the paint different from any other soap.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

☞ *Granny Bright's Basket* and the *Old Dorchester Mess*, are the titles of two interesting stories for the young, written by Mrs. C. E. K. Davis, published with illustrations, in one volume, by Henry Hoyt, 9 Cornhill. *Our Distant Cousins*, with twelve illustrations, is another of the same class, published by Mr. Hoyt. They are tastefully bound, and are very desirable books for holiday presents to the children.

☞ From Messrs. Lee & Shepard we have received a stirring volume of adventures with a love story running thro ugh it, entitled *The Whalers of the Sandwich Islands and California*, by Wm H. Thomes, who has written several other very popular books of adventures. It is handsomely illustrated, and issued in good shape.

☞ *The Wonders of Water*, from the French of Gaston Tissandier, is a valuable popular treatise on the properties of water, with a large number of well executed illustrations. Published in Charles Scribner & Co's Illustrated Library of Wonders. The publishers have improved in this issue on the type, paper and general appearance of the preceding volumes of the series. The volume is decidedly elegant and attractive as well as instructive. Lee & Shepard have it.

☞ *The Galaxy* commences its thirteenth volume with the January number, and the number opens with brilliant promise of what the magazine is to be for the future. We have often had occasion to commend the enterprise of the publishers and their very successful realization of a high ideal of the perfect monthly magazine. Some of the papers in the present number are continuations of serials which have already attracted attention. The sensational element among the best and ablest which the country affords, and the publishers are to be congratulated on their eminent success.

☞ *Our Young Folks for January* has a most happy combination of interesting articles adapted to the season, and not one of the best Christmas presents to a young person would be a year's subscription to this popular monthly.

☞ *The Nursery* each month surpasses the previous month in the character and quality of its contents and illustrations. The January number is the best yet. It is one of the best things out for the entertainment of children.

☞ *The Atlantic Monthly for January* commences the twenty-sixth volume The number commences several serials, one by Hawthorne, published for the first time, Septimus Felton, or the Elexir of Life. Dr. Holmes's serial, The Poet at the Breakfast Table, is a brilliant paper, and will continue for the year. Bret Harte contributes, Grandmother Tuckerdon. The Atlantic is in the front ranks of monthly literatures.

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☞ THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE, whose prospectus appears in our advertising department, is one of the leading newspapers in New York and in the country. The Weekly *Tribune* is admirably adapted to general circulation as a family newspaper throughout the country, and considering the large amount and the quality of its matter, is one of the cheapest and best weeklies.

☞ The *Hearth and Home* weekly and the *American Agriculturist*, monthly, are universally admitted to be among the very best of the Agricultural newspapers of the country. The former has a large and superior list of contributors, and has established its reputation as a family paper of the highest order. They are published by Orange Judd & Co., New York. See their advertisement.

OUR RELATIONS WITH SPAIN.—Despatches from Washington are contradictory regarding the relations of the United States with Spain, some affirming that there is no cause for trouble in official circles, and that there is not the slightest chance for a war with Spain, while others are to the effect that affairs have reached a crisis, and that unless there is a great change in temper displayed by those who direct the Cuban policy, in their communications to our Government, a war between the two countries is likely to ensue. An authoritative view is given in the paragraph which we borrow from the New York, the apprehensions are entertained that our Government cannot longer avoid serious complications with Spain; that a crisis in our diplomatic relations with Spain has arrived, etc. The paragraph referred to is characterized by a high official, who ought to know, as the merest twaddle.

SILVER TIPPED SHOES.—Shoes are an important item in the expense of clothing children, as every parent will understand. They invariably wear out their shoes at the toe first, and not unfrequently before the other parts are a quarter worn. Children's shoes with Silver or Copper Tips never wear out at the toe, and last twice as long. Remember this.—[*N. Y. Post.*

Halford Table Sauce, for use in families.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

A LIVE MAN.

Since competition is the rule
'Mong those in trade who thrive,
A merchant trained in such a school
Must be a "man alive";
He must know sales and what to buy,
The people's wants to meet;
And *sell no less* when they apply,
That *no one can compete*.

THOS FENNO, dealer in BOYS "CLOTHES," *Coats, Pants, Vest, Hat* and *Shoes* complete, Gives advantage, each one sees, Corner of Beach and Washington Street. dec23-1t

Richards' Historical Catechism.

What large public building much resorted to by lovers of amusement stands just north of STONE CHAPEL and adjoining the Cemetery? The BOSTON MUSEUM.

How much ground is covered by the Museum Building? Twenty thousand feet.

With what is it crowded? With every variety of birds, quadrupeds, fish, reptiles, insects, shells, minerals, fossils, &c. There may be seen there nearly half a million curiosities, making it one of the most delightful places to visit, especially by strangers, in the whole city.

What very old building, much frequented by the young people, especially the BOYS, stands a little distant to the northeast? GEORGE H. RICHARDS' GREAT CLOTHING HOUSE, where the BOYS are CLOTHED for less money than at any other store in Boston,—

AT 24 & 28 DOCK SQUARE.

dec23-1t

☞ FROM Maine to California millions of children are wearing SILVER TIPPED Shoes—Why not, they are the cheapest, durable and wear through at the toe. Try them. For sale by all Shoe Dealers. dec22-4t

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MARRIAGES.

In this city, Dec. 14, at No. 32 East Brookline street, by Rev. J. H. House, Mr. Josiah Hale, Lecturer M. Blaisdell, to Miss Gertrude Davis of Chicago.

In this city, Dec. 14, at the house of the bride's father by Rev. J. H. House, John H. Vose, to Emma Grace, daughter of Oliver Gragg, Esq., both of Boston.

In this city, Dec. 14, at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. Samuel B Stewart, Mr. William A. LeRow, late of Chicago, to Miss Maria H., daughter of Washington Hasey, Esq., of Lynn.

In Everett, Dec. 14, by Rev. Albert Bryant, Mr. E W. Howe of Bennington Vt., to Miss Grace D. Sargent of Everett.

In East Boston, Dec. 14 at the Church of Our Father, by Rev. Warren H. Cudworth, Mr. Clement H. Whitten to Miss Temperance B. Drew, daughter of the late John B. Drew, Esq., both of Boston.

In Taunton, June 14, at St. Thomas' Church, by Rev. W. R. Nicholson, D. D. of Boston, Mr. Thomas Tileston of New York, to Miss Mary A., daughter of Charles J. Hodges, Esq., of Boston.

In Spring Hill, Somerville, 10th inst., at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. George Dorsel of Somerville, Edward P. Phillips of Boston to Josie B. Keyes, daughter of Hon. Geo. O. Bradow.

In Brookline, 13th inst., by Rev. B. F. Barret, of Philadelphia, Mr. William Burnham of the latter city to Miss Emma H. Warren of Brookline.

In Georgetown, Mass. Dec 13, by Rev. D. D. Marsh, Calvin E. Howe to Miss Lucy K., eldest daughter of John Palmer all of Georgetown.

In Beverly, Dec 7, by Rev. Mr. Foster, Mr. Arthur F. Kent to Miss Mary A. Clark.

In Danvers, Mr. Edward W. Duffy of Lynn, to Miss Ellen Welch of D.

In San Francisco, Cal., December, Gershom Bradford, U. S. Coast Survey, formerly of Duxbury, Mass., to Miss Minnie G. Winson of San Francisco.

DEATHS.

In this city, 17, Eben B. Cook, second son of John L. and Lydia R. Cook, of West Sandwich, Mass., 33.

In this city, Dec. 14, Daniel Perkins, 83 yrs 2 mos.

In this city, 13th inst., George Howe, aged 76.

In this city, Dec 14, Almira A. wife of Mr. Nathaniel Bosworth, eldest daughter of the late Aaron W. Rockwood, 58.

In Mason Village, N.H., Nov. 30. Oliver Allen, about 70 y s.

In South Newmarket, N. H., Dec. 15, David Manson, 89 yrs 6 mos 13 days.

In Waltham, Dec. 14, suddenly, Deacon Converse Smith, 69 yrs.

In West Townsend, Mass., after a brief illness, Betsy, wife of Ralph Marcy, aged 66 years.

In East Somerville, 15, Mr. Temple Paul, 77.

In Salem, Mary, wife of Francis Nolan, 34; 15th inst., Esther, widow of Capt. Edward Stanley 91; Reuben Ussell.

In Dunstable, 12th inst., Rev. Samuel J. Evans, late Rector of Calvary parish, 51.

In Baltimore, Md., 13th ult., at the residence of Dr. George W. Foy, Mrs. Eliza B. Fowler, formerly of Chelsea, 79.

In Cambridge, Dec. 16, Isabella Redman, wife of William H. Odiorne, 64.

In Canton, Mass., Dec. 13, Fanny Elizabeth West, 58 yrs 8 mos 10 days.

In West Newbury, Dec. 16 Sarah Brown, wife of Stephen Sawyer, aged 82 yrs 2 mos 15 dys.

In Berwick, Mrs. Betsy L., widow of Jos. L. Ober, 83 years 5 mos.

In Duxbury, 14th inst. Harriet F., wife of Sylvanus Fryer, 42 years 9 months.

In Reading, Dec. 18, Mr Cephas Parker 74.

In Newburyport, 11th inst., Caroline, wife of David E. Cutter, 67.

In Billerica, Dec. 18, Jonathan Fish, aged 87 yrs 8 mos.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

A LIVE MAN.

Since competition is the rule
'Mong those in

CATTLE MARKET.

fore in the history of this mark
n in the short s ons of one week to
a collection of beeves as has been
Albany during the past few days.
but three were full horns number
ead of very heavy w ght, beauti
rances. The owners for them did
like what they anticipat d, and it
mediate cattle were beautiful to be-
are too heavy and too good for the
er. Butchers have invariably lost
d feeders find them unprofitable to
ever, were taken by butchers in
and at other points along the Con-
y sw ill go either to Brighton or
first hands. The receipts are un-
excessive in order to effect sales,
st herds in market were bought at
y eastern dealers.
made a selection of ten head very
from a lot of fairly weighing to 9 c.
lbs, f r which they paid 9½ c. lb.
the top market price for Christmas
e a single bullock was selected by
which they paid 9c, but this was of
ar market at that price.
mmodation in the market this
s due here early this morning had
ers at noon, and very many of the
were holding back for them. The
too large or the season, and the
y number will be passed in from
at ruinous prices. We quote the
live weight off from the opening
all grades, with a prospect of a
its cl se.

following are the receipts of the
m from the book of the Central

	Cattle.	Sheep.	Hogs.
.....	53	10	24
.....	32	2	36
.....	34	17	80
.....	76	8	30
.....	59	93	27
.....	63	51	32
.....	70	29	82
.....	434	157	309

tatement of the receipts this
at railroad, estimating cattle
,000, and hogs 100.

week.	Last week.	since Jan.
	6,300	374,816
	15,000	665,800
	32,000	897,800

of comparative value to corres-
ding of the market this week :—

	This week.	Last week.
..	$6 75@7 00	$7 00@7 12
..	6 00@6 50	6 25@6 50
..	5 25@5 75	5 50@6 00
..	4 75@5 25	5 00@5 50
..	3 75@4 50	4 00@5 00
..	2 50@3 50	3 00@4 00

market rules dull. The sales
varying from $@$000.
We quote coarse wool sheep 6@
and lambs, 6½@7½c.
tate at 4 75@5 00 and Western,
Journal.

CATTLE MARKET.

—The market yesterday after-
wholesale bet g much better
business demand not coming up
lity of the offerings, supposing
tter than last week's, prices be-
ge—the actual advance, if any,
he close some 100@200 head were
tirn lot tod by Thos. Anderson,
ging $7 @ 100. Ba prices for
uality, unchanged.
ef Cattle ranged as follows:
50; generally rated first qual-
dium or good fair quality at
n steers, oxen and cows 9 2 50
west grades of cattle $3 75—
market to-day $4 75. Extreme
50. Of the receipts 86 head
91 from Ohio, and 3 from Wes
inia, — total receipts for the
1850 last week, and 2,082 seas
offerings 724 head were sales
291 sold to country dealers
ded to speculators for Eastern
the week 1293 head against
head same time last year.
e supply during the past week
mand, while the bet er grades
prices are without material
good fat sh ep and lambs rule
selling a shade higher. Stock
per head, as to size and qual-
1870 head, against 1870 last
me time last year.
ition of the market at the close
comparatively light receipts
effect of advancing prices in the
pe pretty well cleared out the
e quote to-day as $6@6 75 per
week 9@55 head, against 7263
same time last year.

OIL MARKET.

Whale oil has been very quiet
notices to report.—Whaleman's

STOCKS.

for the Ploughman.

.....	108
.....	116
.....	118
.....	120
.....	146
.....	147
.....	118
.....	119
.....	118
.....	118

for the Ploughman.

KOHEN MARKET.

nding Dec. 22, 1871.

PRICES.

ICY MARKET.

Pork, Lard, &c.

Corrected by Flint & Kimball, No. 28.

Fresh cuts, ..	10	@11
Clear Salt Strips,	10	@12
Hams, ..	12	@13
Single Ham, b	13	@14
Corned Shoulders,	9	@10
Briskets, ..	9	@10
Smoked Shoulders	9	@10
Smoked Ribs, ..	10	@11
Sausages, ..	10	@12
Pigs' Feet, ..	5	@10
Lard, ..	9	10 @—

Veal and Mutton

Corrected by Hitcock & Son Nos. 9 *and* 11.

Veal, Leg,	20	@25
Veal, Shoulder,	6@11	
Sh'p Lamb, b,	12	@20
Mutton, legs,	16	@25
Mutton, shoulder,	10	@13

Fruit & Vegetables.

Corrected by Hiland, Smith & Co., Nos. 97, 99 *&* 103.

FRUIT.

Raspberries, ..	@	..
Blackberries, box,	@	..
Peaches, crate,	@	..
Apples, ..	75	@1 00
Russet Apples	00	@1 25
Baldwins, ..	50@	75
Pears, cook'g, pk.	50	@ 75
Pears, table, dos,	40	@ 60

Grapes—

Common, b,	8@	10
Catawba, b,	10@	12

Grapes—Foreign—

Hamburg, b	10@	10
Malaga, ♥ b,	00@	00
Cranberries, ♥ bbl,	00@	12
Dried Apples, b,	6@	8
Peaches, do,	6@	10
Whortleberries, ♥ can	25@	37
Oranges, Havana ♥ doz,	00@	00
Oranges, Messina ♥ doz,	50@	60
♥ box,	50@	60
Lemons, ♥ doz,	25@	37
Cocoanuts, each,	8@	10
Banana Wkst,	1 00@	1 50

VEGETABLES.

Potato Onions, bu	@	1 00
Potatoes, Rose,	2 50@	3 00
Green Corn, dz,	@	..
Watermelons,	@	..
Cabbages, ♥ doz,	25@	37
Beets, ♥ bu,	@	..
Shelled Beans, qt,	@	..
Turnips, ♥ bbl,	@	..
Cabbages, b'd,	8@	12
Carrots, ♥ bu,	@	..
Sweet Potatoes, b,	@	..
Tomatoes, can,	@	..
Onions, ♥ bbl,	2 00@	2 25
Celery, ♥ doz,	25@	50
Pickled Limes, gal,	@	..
Cauliflowers, Pickles	@	..
♥ gal,	50@	75
Green Herbs, bun,	@	..
Sweet Cider, ♥ gal,	@	..
♥ gallon,	@	..
Pickles ♥ gal,	50@	75

"CORPORAL SQUIB" ON THE WING.

Correspondence of the Ploughman.

STATE OF MAINE, Nov., 1871.

Let us turn from the material, for awhile, and have a little regard for the spiritual. I am not going to preach, no fear of that, I am not qualified. I am not a spiritualist, and still I am. When I think of spirits, or when I write of them, it is with all due respect, for I don't know but some of them may be very near to me; probably they are—looking over my shoulder, reading as I write.

I am half doubtful now whether I had better go any further; something has jogged my elbow, and the character I have made is evidently of spiritual origin, it means somethi g; I don't know what!

I don't believe, though, there is any harm in telling what I know, it isn't much after all. The spirits know that well enough not to fear any evil result, I am sure.

Not very long ago I arrived, late one evening, at a village that is noted as being the moral abiding place of a celebrated "medium." The village is none the worse for that, nor say the better that I know of. Those who go there to consult the medium generally finding entertainment for man and beast, if they have one, at her house. This sort of mediumship pays, of course, better than some others, and the medium's success in a pecuniary way was the subject of remark in the little public room of Bangup's tavern, on the night of my arrival. Bangup keeps the best "hotel" in the place, and this fact being known to me before my arrival, of course I stopped with him.

I observed that the remarks concerning the medium were not particularly relished by Bangup, and said to myself he was a believer. I was confirmed in this belief, when farther observations showed me that Bangup himself kept a small collection of spirits, in a retired apartment, which he went often to consult, always accompanied by at least one of his guests. I don't know that Bangup was afraid to go into that room alone, but it didn't seem inclined to. After my observations had been continued sometime, I said to myself, "Bangup is a medium."

After a while I told Bangup I would go to bed. He made no objection, and lighting the candle that was to illuminate my apartment, we went up stairs, becoming sociable as we went. Bangup inferred that I respected his feelings in regard to spirits, and spoke a few words in confidence; those fellows might make light of the matter but they would all see their mistake sometime. There was no doubt that he considered it a very serious matter that a grandmother, who had been dead forty years, should come back to tell him how she made her best pickles. If I did not believe so fully as Bangup, I respected his feelings, and we said "good night" very amicably.

My room was in a corner of the house, and had two windows, one in each of the outside walls. By leaving those windows open, spirits could come and go easily. I had never seen a spirit, thought I would like to, and the night being fortunately warm, I made the experiment. My arrangements for the night were soon completed, and I retired—as all men should retire who are away from home and don't know what may happen to them before morning. Then I thought of Mary, and of the children, and of spirits, perhaps, and went to sleep.

I am an unusually good sleeper; few can beat me in that line. I dream sometimes, but generally my dreams don't amount to much. If I could only wake up at the right time I should be very rich; or at least do something remarkable, by which I could achieve riches. I once invented a flying machine, and it worked beautifully. I started from the top of a hill in my native town and skimming over the country alighted in a few moments on the top of Mt. Washington. It was winter and the temperature too cold to remain long—the hotel not being open—and I started to return, but lost my way, forgot all about my machine, overslept myself, and when I awoke in the morning couldn't for the world remember how I had made it. I don't think a man ever accomplishes anything permanent in dreams. I am glad that it is so, for if it was the other way I should have been dead long ago. I haven't kept the record of how many times I have been killed in dreams; it's a good many, but I always died easy, and rather felt the better for it in the morning. Is that the experience of spirits, I wonder.

It strikes me I am going a long way round to say a little. I will take a short cut now and come at it at once. After I went to sleep that night at Bangup's, I dreamed. It was a funny dream, very, and that's why I speak of it. I was at home with my wife and children; they were all around me, so, now, May I mean, was glad or sorry, but I doubted. Mary was this, and was sorry that it was so. She wanted very much that I should believe. The children were all spiritualists; th ir mother had converted them, and they were sorry too. Even Jimmy, who wears the boy-reval garment, looked up and cried. What could I do? I wanted to believe, to please Mary, and the children; but I couldn't, without first seeing works.

Mary used argument. Her arguments were entertaining. I always like to hear Mary argue, but they failed to convince me. I asked Mary if she could not show me works. She regretted my obstinacy exceedingly, said she was not a working me lium, and that if her words would not convert me, *works* wouldn't. *She* had seen works, and her eyes were as good as mine; I ought to have faith in her. I told her I did have a great deal of faith in her, but still I could not believe. Then, said she, "I will pray for works," and immediately she began a solemn incantation which I could not understand.

Now I must say that about a year ago a member of our family, a very affectionate and highly intelligent female cat, met with h s catastrophe, and at that time she ceased to exist,—in his original material form, I mean. Tom, we called him so, had grown into our affections strangely, as cats do sometimes, and when we missed him more than we miss ordinary cats. He died a natural death, poor fellow, though so young! that is, I so, the dog, not the lion—a curly pup who lives with Brewzer, the other side of the fence—made war upon him, and the conflict soon terminated in L o's favor. When we had missed Tom sufficiently, and the boys had thrown all the stones at L o that they could find on our side of the fence, we began to forget him, and Tabitha having come to take his place, our affections settled upon her. Tom, being of the past, was forgotten. So much is necessary to a right understanding of what follows.

To return to Mary's argument, there was a pause. I think every argument has a pause, —except that of Phillips's,—Mary's had, and when she paused, she invoked the aid, as I have said, of somebody or something, and then, very strangely as it seemed to me, her eyes, and the eyes of all the children, except Jimmy, became fixed upon a spot in the carpet, near the centre of the room. I fixed mine there too, but could see nothing of special interest, only that the carpet had been darned in that particular spot.

Seeing nothing, I suggested to Mary that I was not yet convinced and was waiting for works. She said, "Tommy," very solemnly, and looked at me inquiringly. Then there was a general expression of "Tommy," from all the juniors at once,—all but Jimmy. Then at sure they meant something, and I turned my eyes again to that darned spot to see if I could penet ate the mystery. There were spirits around, I had no doubt of it now, for Tabitha, who had been lying on the rug, stood up and arched her back gracefully, her hair looking very fuzzy and her eyes very round. I asked Mary quite anxious y if she would not explain what all these things meant.

"Jerry, you demented"—she checked herself and simply asked if I did not see Tommy.

I made a negative reply, and asked her if she did see Tommy.

"How can I help it? There, stop, stand still, don't tread on him!" I was changing my position endeavoring to get him within my visual focus. "Don't you see him?" cried one and all, "he's right before you!"

"No, my dears, I don't see him; if he is in danger call him away. It can't be T m, I think, for he would know how to keep out of danger by this time. Call him, Sid, if it's Tom, he'll answer you."

"I dare-a-n-t," answered Sid, timidly.

It occurred to me to say "scat!" and I did so. Then I said, "Tom, if you are here, get out of the way!" and again I said "scat!" very emphatically.

"Jerry, don't talk so; it's a spirit! It's Tom, and he wants to speak to you. *Don't you see him?*"

"No, Mary, I am afraid I shall never see a spirit; it con't se-m to be my destiny. If Tom is here and has anything to say, why don't he say it? Tell him I am ready to receive any communication; ask him what he wants."

"O Jerry! if you would only believe, you would see. It's your own fault, Jerry."

"I know, Mary, but how can I believe without seeing?"

Mary looked sad; seeing which, I said, "Mary, I am wrong, undoubtedly; if you say Tom is here, it is my duty to believe you; I do believe you, but for all that I can't see."

"I couldn't complete that sentence without telling a fib, for there was Tom, right before me; I knew him well, and he certainly did look as though he had something to communicate. He looked so natural I wanted to put my hand on him; I did so, Tom standing up as I stooped down. I thought he had grown some, but that was quite natural, for, as I have said, he died young. He was palpable, tangible, and I stroked his back with a satisfied feeling I cannot express. His fur was soft and silky, as spiritual fur should be, and Tom expressed his satisfaction at receiving my caresses by purring very loud. (When I awoke I again recognised Tom's purr, and gradually grew conscious of the fact that it came from a sleeper in another room. After listening awhile I was sure that man had nothing to do with spirits).

After awhile Tom seemed to think we were wasting time. He stopped purring and looked at me very earnestly. "What is it, Tom?" I asked, encouragingly; "if you have come back to ask my forgiveness for anything, do not hesitate! I believe you were a good cat, generally, and I am ready to give you a clean record."

"Sir," said Tom, in his own peculiar voice, "that is not it; the few sins that burdened my conscience when Leo shook me into Eternity have long been expatiated; (I think Tom meant expiated; he had probably got the words a little mixed;) I need no man's forgiveness now, and am happy in being tenfold all harm from the canine race. You were a kind master to me, sir, and the words I would now speak are intended for your benefit. O, sir, do not take them lightly and in jesting mood, but believe them to be the heartfelt expression of one who wishes you well; who would be your friend! I know, sir, it is contrary to the fundamental laws of nature, that a cat should ever be quite equal to a man, and if it were not so, I should not be disposed to attempt to place myself on a par with you, my former protector, and still my superior in so many things; but, sir, before proceeding further, there is one thing I would like to know; why didn't you kil that dog?"

I was rather tickled at this unexpected turn in Tom's discourse, and I heard Tim giggle slightly behind me. I answered very composedly, however, that we did make desperate efforts to that end, but that Leo, being suspicious of our object, always evaded us, and finally went into the country to spend the summer with his uncle, ostensibly to improve his health but really to save his life, I very well knew. Tim had some strychnine ready for him when he should come back and he might depend on being avenged. This answer satisfied Tom, and he went on.

"I am glad, good sir, that Leo's conscience punishes him; my experience teaches me that I shall be more fully avenged to let him live; I do not desire his death, my question was put that you might have an opportunity of expressing your good will towards me; that was all. Now listen, what I have to say must be briefly told. What I wish to say first is this: Do not be so stubborn in your beliefs; be more ready to yield, more open to conviction, less positive. The spiritual perceptions of women are quicker than those of men; therefore when you are in doubt on any point consult your wife, who has been a kind mistress to me, and who I know has great regard for you; she will"——

Tom heard something that claimed his attention, and he paused. There was a snuffing and scratching at the door, and a smothered bark. It was a dog's bark, and the dog evidently wanted to get in. Tom faced the door, and raised his back; such is the force of habit. I tried to call his attention to the fact that he was a spirit; but he did not notice my remark, his whole attention being directed to the door. The scratching was resumed, accompanied with a sharp excited bark. Ts-h-h!

Tom had exploded and was gone. Mary was gone, too, and the children, and it was dark. Then I heard the noise to which I have before referred in the adjoining room. Somebody, without much regard to the quiet that should prevail at the solemn midnight hour, was extemporizing nasal *te deums*; a habit which I detest and which I am sure I never indulge in. If that man had slept as he ought to I suppose my dream would have been longer; but fortunately for the readers of the *Ploughman* I woke just then, and no doubt some of them would rather have had me wake sooner. I hope I shan't make any enemies by stating these facts. SQUIB.

P. S. The bark that Tom heard was a real bark, not a spiritual one, no more than was his purring. Reasoning conscientious convinced me there was very little use in all dogs are brutes to me, little dogs in particular—trying to get out of the room below. Whether he was a house dog and belonged there, or not, he seemed to have pressing business out, and his efforts to be attending to it, combined with that man's obstructed respiration, was what awoke me. If the Knickerbocker *cowaghan* thinks this explanation is necessary, he can print it. I thought it would be better on the whole to keep back nothing, but let the whole thing be fully understood.

THE PROPOSED INTER-OCEANIC CANAL.—Captain Selfridge's report on an Inter-Oceanic Canal across the Isthmus of Darien condemns all routes except that by the Napipi river, the prominent advantages of which, he asserts, are its freedom from swamps, its construction through rock, which admits of a closer calculation of cost than through any other material, greater durability and less necessity for repairs; its shortness, and therefore the less costly; the fact that the heaviest and most expensive work is within five miles of the Pacific Ocean on elevated ground, giving great facilities for the movement of supplies, etc, and especially affording as healthy, if not the most healthy spot in the tropics; finally, the least expensive when compared with rival lines. Capt. Selfridge proposes the organization of a company to be chartered under the laws of the United States, England and Germany, each nation to loan under proper regulations and limitations, one hundred millions of dollars in yearly instalments of ten millions. This loan could probably be negotiated abroad at four per cent. The United States would be called upon to pay the first year one hundred and forty thousand dollars as her share of the interest upon $10,000,000; the 10th year about $2,000,000, and the whole amount that this country would be called upon to pay as interest in this plan of joint co-operation would be about seven million dollars.

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The Poet's Corner.

[From the St. James (London) Magazine.]

A CHRISTMAS SERMON IN VERSE.

Feed the hungry, clothe the naked, take the homeless wanderer in,
Seek the dark abode of sorrow, and the drearier haunt of sin,
Let it be thy life's endeavor some poor soul from death to win.

Make some gloomy dungeon brighter, break some prisoner's galling chain,
Firmly, gently wreathe thy kerchief round the throbbing brow of pain,
Bid the abject, world-downtrodden live, look up, "take heart again."

Share thy bottle with the thirsty, dry the lonely widow's tears,
Bind the bleeding broken hearted, smile away the orphan's fears;
Tell them of a good day coming, when the Lord of Life appears.

Christ is in that dreary hovel, Christ is in that wrangling mart,
Christ is standing on thy door-step, Christ is knocking at thy heart;
Wilt thou bid thy God and Savior hungry, weary, cold, depart?

Do the duty Love has set thee, do whatever comes to hand;
Sin and sorrow in ten thousand shapes and forms around thee stand—
Do it promptly, do it bravely, thy best warrant His command.

Must thou leave the world to do it, dost thou need a holier vow?
Is not that one life long promise binding on thy conscience now,
Made when first the Cross was printed on the unconscious infant brow?

Do it in the post assign'd thee, in the rear or in the van
Of the noble Christian army do thy duty, play the man;
Not how much, or how, the question—is each doing what he can?

When "the world's especial heroes" vain would hide their deeds for shame,
Deeds unclouded through all ages by the brazen trump of fame,—
When the nobly-named consigns perish in the universal flame,

Many a deed of simple kindness which the world's praise never won,
Lovelier than the stars of heaven, brighter than the noonday sun,
Forth shall shine with His approval—"Faithful servant, nobly done."

Ladies' Department.

THE FATAL DUEL

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT

Old Dr Tatham was sitting cosily with his daughter, one morning, when the servant came in and announced Mr. Irving and his son.

"Leave us, Amy, darling, for a short time, will you?" said the doctor to his daughter. "I will send Walter to you directly; but I wish to speak to his father for a few minutes."

Amy Tatham was a charming girl, in the fresh bloom of youth and beauty. I don't think she quite liked being sent away just at that moment, and it is quite certain that she raised her head very suddenly when she heard the name "Walter Irving" mentioned. Walter Irving was certainly a very lucky fellow, and I think, if the truth be told, when old Dr. Tatham kissed his daughter, preparatory to her fulfilling his sentence of exile, I think he thought so too.

"Bother business, dear papa!" said wilful Amy; "but remember you have promised not to keep me away long, and if you don't keep your word, I shall come in and surprise you. Good-by, you old dear."

When Amy Tatham had left the room, the door turned towards the servant, who still stood at the door.

"Ask Mr. Irving and his son to walk in, please, and don't let me be disturbed unless there is anything very important to be done."

Mr. Irving was a fine-looking old gentleman, of the Colonel Newcome stamp; his son not so tall, or of such commanding presence, but in elegant looking, and also gentlemanly. The father was about sixty; the son twenty-five, but looking evidently younger.

After commencing on a few ordinary topics of conversation, Mr. Irving was about to come to the point, and explain more particularly the object for his visit on this occasion, when he was stopped by the doctor.

"I beg pardon," said he, "but may I be allowed to interrupt you for a moment. It would be absurd of me to affect ignorance of the object of your visit. Before, however, I can listen to what either you or your son have got to say, I have something very important to divulge. I must take you into my confidence, and relate something which it is necessary you should know—a secret which I fearlessly entrust to you."

Walter Irving rose.

The doctor appreciated the modest diffidence of the young man, as he showed by the smile which played over his features. He motioned him, however, to his seat again.

"My dear boy," said the doctor, "I beg that you will remain. What I have to say affects you more particularly than it does else here. You have been a good son, and I feel confident that you will make an excellent husband. Your love for my daughter is warm and generous; but promise me, the father of the girl you love and desire to marry—promise me, as the gentleman that you are, that you will religiously keep my secret. Keep it; yes, even from my daughter!"

The doctor said these words in a strangely excited manner.

Mr. Irving and his son were evidently not prepared for so serious an interview. However, they promised faithfully to obey the doctor's earnest request, and waited patiently for him to continue.

The doctor looked round in his chair, to assure himself that they were alone, and then, clearing his throat and addressing himself more particularly to young Walter Irving, spoke as follows:—

"Eight-and-twenty years ago I was studying medicine at a German University. It was at Heidelberg. I did not take up this study until late in life, in fact, considerably after I had taken my degree at Oxford. I was intended originally, as you may know, for the Church; but on conscientious scruples, I shirked orders, and devoted myself, among other things, to the study of medicine in a small way.

"When I first took up my residence in Heildelberg, the somewhat absurd custom of duelling between the students was in vogue. Of course, I need not tell you that these duels are not necessarily such encounters as would seem natural to us from the term. At that time, however, they were more serious than they are now, the custom of swathing the combatants, with the exception of a small portion of the face, being then almost unheard of.

"The students were mad on the subject of duelling, and the slightest disturbance resulted in a formal and hostile encounter. Hardly a day passed that some duel or other did not take place. The students fought occasionally with the officers, with the townsfolk, and, I regret to say, hardly add, perpetually among themselves.

"I was a strong, muscular fellow when I went to Heildelberg, and the love of adventure and sports of all kinds, which I had inherited at school and fostered at college, was not easily got rid of.

"I was as wild and as headstrong as any of them. My strong and unflinching English spirit and determi ation gained me a reputation even among these dare-devil German boys, and very soon I became noted as a reckless fellow and experienced duellist. I became the leader of a 'clique;' and, to tell the truth, I was not a little proud of my position. We have not all of us got sound, thinking heads upon our shoulders at six-and-twenty. Boys will be boys.

"A very little way from where my lodgings were, lived a young student, who was as unlike me, or any in my set, as black is from white. He was the kind of fellow we should have called a 'milksop' at school; and yet, somehow, or other, I felt I could not dislike the fellow. Instinctively—I don't know how it was—but I took to him. One's 'likes' are, after all, as incomprehensible as our 'dislikes.'

"I will candidly own, however, that I was heartily ashamed of my secret preference for my neighbor, and I took every available opportunity of stifling it.

"Max Oppenheim—for that was my neighbor's name—was a pale-faced, studious-looking young man, and a perfect model of a student. He was always being held up as a pattern to us. He was never known to miss a lecture; he was never seen at the gymnasium; didn't smoke, drink beer—did nothing wicked, in fact. Max Oppenheim was our exact opposite.

"Outside the University, he never joined his fellow-students, and was never known to invite them home.

"I forgot to say that he lodged exactly opposite where I was residing, so my window commanded his.

"One morning, as I was smoking a cigarette on the balcony outside my sitting-room, I saw, to my surprise, over the way, a pretty fair head peeping out of Oppenheim's window. The head popped back immediately I was detected.

"I laughed to myself, and thought what a good story I would make out of it for the benefit of my friends.

"That evening, before I had an opportunity of doing this, I happened to meet Max, and began joking him about the fair apparition that I had seen.

"He stopped me in an instant.

"'I am married,' said he, rather proudly. 'That was Madame Oppenheim that you saw.'

"I am afraid I must have perpetrated an incredulous whistle.

"It was Madame Oppenheim, I tell you, sir," said the pale-faced Max, getting irritated; 'and I beg that her name may be treated with respect.'

"I was half inclined to treat the matter still as a joke, and I fully believe I should not have been inclined to let the conversation drop so suddenly with any one else; but, as I told you just now, in my heart I esteemed Max thoroughly, and knew him to be by no means a bad fellow. Between you and me, I really liked him, only I did not like to own it. We are all desperately weak sometimes.

"This little altercation of ours was trivial enough; but it had its ill effects, notwithstanding.

"Before it happened, we were in the habit of shaking hands and exchanging a few friendly words when we met. We bowed coldly to one another when we met, and in time even the bows became few and far between.

"And then the months slipped away, and the winter came, and with it—at least, not very long afterwards—the carnival.

"Of course, I went to the carnival ball, and in costume. I remember it well: it was a Pierrot dress. I danced all night, and got back to my lodgings at some unearthly hour in the morning.

"I threw myself on the bed, dead-tired as I was; too sleepy, in fact, to take off a scrap of my costume.

"I had fallen asleep outside the bed, but was awakened by a loud knocking at my door. I had heard the knocking for some minutes, and it mixed itself fantastically with my dreams.

"Still the knocking went on; but when I heard my name repeated two or three times, I started up suddenly.

"'Come in—come in!' I cried, still confused, and very sleepy.

"The door opened, and a man walked into my room.

"It was Max Oppenheim.

"He seemed very much agitated, and was as pale as death.

"'Why, Oppenheim, what on earth can you want with me at this hour of the morning?' said I, rubbing my eyes, and looking comical enough, I should think, in my tumbled Pierrot dress.

"'Mr. Tatham,' said he, hesitating a little, and with a broken voice, 'you have shown me kindness before now; I have come to ask you to do me a very great favor.'

"'By all means. What can I do?'

"Max Oppenheim took two or three turns up and down my room, hesitated once or twice, but at last commanded himself, and said, in a nervous, anxious manner, 'You cannot conceive how sorry I am to put you to any trouble or annoyance, Mr. Tatham; but, to deal honestly with you, let me say that you are the only man I know how to appeal to in my present unhappy condition. I have heard, and I believe I am correct in believing, that in affairs of honor, as they are called here, you are somewhat expert.'

"'My dear fellow,' replied I, now thoroughly surprised; 'you don't mean to tell me that a duel is on the cards?'

"'Yes.'

"'And you intend to fight?'

"He looked me steadily in the face. There was a flash of something like pride in his eyes, and a touch of dignity in his voice, as he gave me the following explanation:—

"'Last night my wife was very anxious to see the masqueraders go to the ball. I didn't see much harm in this simple wish, and said that I had no objection to take her. We took up our position under the trees, away from the crowd, where I imagined we should be able to see everything without being in any way disturbed. It may appear strange, but I fancied somehow that all would not go well. One has these old presentiments at times, you know; and, although it is perfectly impossible to account for them, it is no use denying that they do occur.'

"'Not a doubt of it,' said I.

"'A party of students, as ill-luck would have it, passed by the very spot where we were standing, and recognized me. They surrounded us. I suppose they had been dining freely. At any rate, they insulted me grossly; but this I could have endured. They heaped their insults upon her who was with me. I will do them the justice to believe that they were ignorant that she was my wife.'

"'I am sure they must have been,' said I, consoling him; 'for there was a wild look about his eyes when he alluded to his wife, which rather frightened me.

"'Well, I informed them of the relationship in which we stood to one another. I told you the same, Mr. Tatham, you may remember, and, like a gentleman, you believed me. These young ruffians simply laughed in my face. I had to defend my poor wife against their coarse and cowardly attacks, and to compel their silence as best I could. By degrees they left me one by one. One solitary individual remained. He was the ringleader, the most offensive, the most unpardonable. Snapping his finger in my face, he said, 'I consider I have been grossly insulted by you, Mr. Max Oppenheim. I shall expect satisfaction to-morrow, if there is an atom of pluck in your composition.'"

"'Well, what then?'

"'I have told you all, Mr. Tatham. The thought struck me once or twice during the night that such a foolish and trivial affair would be allowed to drop as hastily as it began. I thought, perhaps, the morning would bring with it sober reflections, and that happily, an apology might be offered me for the gratuitous insults I received at the hands of my fellow students. However, this morning, almost at daybreak, I received a visit from two of them, still in their fancy dresses. They came to ask me if I had made any preparations. They assured me that my adversary—heaven knows I bear him no malice—was determined not to rest until he had obtained satisfaction for the injuries inflicted on him. He never liked me, this man, and bears me some strange malice. He is a clever fellow, but idle; and I think he is a little bit jealous of my success in the University.'

"'Poor Max, I think I see him now, as he stood talking to me in the cold, gray, morning light, so frankly, so earnestly, and with such unaffected dignity. But I was a young fool then, and never allowed my heart to be broke. How this young, promising young fellow, stood at my bedside, confiding to my care his happy, brilliant life and prospects, and all his pretty wife's hope, and love, and heart. Like a fool that I was, I understood nothing of this. I thought like a fool, and like a fool I answered.

"'If you knew the fellows as well as I do, Oppenheim, and understood their mad enthusiasm for duelling, and strange notions of honor, you would believe that this man spoke the truth. He will not rest until he has had satisfaction.'

"'Do you know who it is I mean?' said Max, nervously.

"'I know them all. What is his name?'

"'A most experienced swordsman. What practice have you had?'

"'I—I am ashamed to say that I have hardly ever had a sword in my hand.'

"'You don't mean to say so?'

"'At this time of which I am speaking, I don't believe that there could have existed two students at that, or, indeed, in any university, who would have made such a confession. Poor Max's confession of incompetency seemed to me not only incredible, but almost to amount to a crime of some magnitude. I was obliged to act upon first thoughts, for there was no time for reflection.

"'If you think, Mr. Tatham, that it is a point of honor for me to fight this man, I am prepared to meet him, come what may.'

"To this courageous and plucky speech, without thinking of its consequences, I said, "Bravo, Oppenheim! That's spoken like a man!"

"He didn't quite look all the courage of his words, so I tried to encourage him.

"'Why, this will be a splendid opening for you,' I said. 'You will never become a swordsman without practice; and to be ignorant of the weapon, is to own yourself no student, or, indeed, gentleman, according to the present idea. They will despise you no more after this; and if you do shed a little blood, why it will be well worth the pain. Your antagonist is no mean rival, I can assure you; and the mere fact of your standing up against him will raise you up a thousand degrees in the estimation of your fellow-students. You have won my heart already. Give me yours hand.'

"I shook the poor fellow warmly by the hand, and tried to inspire him with confidence.

"The whole thing was excitement and pleasure to me, and I enjoyed my position amazingly.

"Max Oppenheim's heart could have told a very different story. However, it was all a point of honour with him. And though I believe, now, he would have given anything in the world to be comfortably out of the scrape, like a true-hearted gentleman he stuffed his feelings.

"There was another knock at my door.

"'Here are the gentlemen, most probably,' said he. 'Hoping—indeed, knowing, that you would not refuse your assistance, I begged them to await us in the street. Shall I open the door?'

"'Certainly. Let them in.'

"There they stood, flushed with wine, careless, and excited—German students to the life. We all went out together.

"There is a picture of Gerome's, which I saw once in Paris, and of which I see photographs in the shop windows in London, which makes me shudder again. It is called 'Le Duel di Pierrot.' On just such a spot Max Oppenheim and Ferdinand Kohler met.

"It was just such a winter's morning, just such a bleak, dreary landscape, just the same snow thickly strewed on the ground.

"I never look at the picture, or imagine the scene, without seeing Max Oppenheim's blood.

"For Max Oppenheim fell that morning, mortally wounded, on the snow.

"We saw at once he was utterly ignorant of the sword, and unanimously begged Ferdinand to be gentle with him. 'Just give him a scratch,' we said, 'and that will do.' I have no doubt, in my own mind, that Ferdinand had no intention of acting otherwise. Poor Max brought about his own death. He fought like a young lion, wildly, and without an atom of head. Ferdinand gave a lunge to defend his own life, and it was a fatal thrust for Max Oppenheim.

"There he died, where he had fought so desperately. It was an awful thing for all of us; and we would, one and all, have cut off our right hand sooner than it would have happened. I shall never forget the stillness of the morning, as we stood round the dead body of our fellow-student, or the bitter sorrow with which we bore his remains away from the dreadful scene.

"The last sad and painful duties connected with Max's unfortunate death devolved upon myself. The worst part was yet to come; for, before he breathed his last he was entrusted a letter to my care, and whispered only one word—'Maria!'

"I had to meet the young widow, face to face.

"How I blamed myself for my folly, as I proceeded on my sad mission! How far was I not accountable for the young man's death? How easy it would have been for me to take his part, and patch the matter up! But, no! Because a few headstrong fools, excited with wine, had insulted the woman he loved more than any one else in the world—his wife, whom he was bound to protect to the last—because he had resented these insults, and an absurd quarrel ensued, I had lent myself to a meeting between the principal offender an old and experienced swordsman, and poor Max, who hardly knew one end of the sword from the other. And now he was dead, and I saw everything clearly, which I could not, or would not, see before; and repentance, as it but too frequently does, came too late.

"At last I arrived at the house, but went up the stairs very slowly, and, after much hesitation, knocked.

"Maria herself came to the door.

"She was pale as death. I guessed at once that she understood for what purpose Max had left her so suddenly, and at such an early hour.

"Directly she saw me she shrank back. For some time she stood there immovable, and trembling like an aspen leaf. She dared not ask me on what account I had come there. There she stood, with her long, fair hair floating down her shoulders. So young, and so very beautiful! A few hours ago, and she owned everything she desired most in the world, and now of all women she was the most miserable.

"And there I stood before her, gazing into her sweet, pale, terribly staring face, and did not dare to move or speak a word. The words stuck in my throat, and nearly choked me.

"And then she fixed me with her eyes, and that look of fear burnt into me like melting lead.

"So terrible was that look, that I was compelled to take my eyes off her, and look upon the ground. When I ventured to allow them to stray back again, it was easy to see that Maria Oppenheim guessed—nay, knew—all.

"'Max is dead!' she shrieked, putting her hand to her heart, as if that one effort had made it cease to beat.

"I said nothing. There was a wild, hysterical sob, and then, falling upon her knees, she poured out a prayer. After that she fell apparently lifeless to the ground.

"I shall never forget that scene to the day of my death. Nothing I have ever seen on the stage—nothing I have ever read in books—nothing I have ever seen in pictures—has ever come near it in depth and intensity.

"I don't know exactly how long I remained there. I was more than half stupefied with grief myself.

"I tried feebly enough to console her. She would not be comforted.

"'You are very kind,' she said, 'but don't understand me. Max is dead, and that is all I care to hear or know. It was I who sent him to you. I believed—hoped—that happily you would save his life; but God willed it otherwise. He loved him so much that He robbed me of my husband, and has taken him to Himself. There is only one thing I want now—my husband's body. It belongs to me—it is mine! I alone will watch over it—I alone will lay it in the coffin—and I alone will follow it to the grave! Bid them bring me my husband, and promise faithfully that no one shall disturb the last few hours that I, Maria Oppenheim, have to spend with my darling boy. Sir, I beg—I implore you to allow this!'

"What could I say?

"I gave her his last letter, and left her, as she bid me.

"Night after night I watched the house from my balcony opposite. It was bitterly cold, but there I stood and watched, and scalding were the tears I shed for her who sat desolate in the room in which a light burned on through the long night into the morning again.

"My house was terribly close to her and I heard everything. I heard her awful shriek. When they led her away, and she had seen a face for the last time, and I heard the dull thud of the hammer, and the click of the cruel nails.

"We followed, all of us, but afar off and away from her, for she had begged to be alone with him at the grave.

"The next day, hearing and knowing that Max's widow was desperately poor, I wrote to her, notifying what we had arranged to do among ourselves for her.

"She wrote back, declining all assistance, and within a very few days had left Heidelberg no one knew where. I tried in vain to discover her whereabouts, and not long afterwards I myself had completed my University life there, and came to England."

* * * * *

"For five years I was attached to one of the London hospitals, and at the end of that period, before I bought the practice down here,' continued Dr. Tatham, 'I went for a short Continental trip, and re-visited Heidelberg for the first time since I had left it at the termination of the old student days.

"There is little wonder after what I have related to you that the place had a strange attraction for me.

"I lost no time in making my way to the pretty churchyard where, five years ago, I had seen Max Oppenheim sadly placed, and from whence I had conducted his poor heart-broken widow.

"I found the grave. It was surmounted by a simple cross. There were two names carved on the arms of the cross. On one arm was the word 'Max,' and on the other, freshly cut, "Marie."

"An old woman was standing by the grave, and on its bosom was a little fair-haired girl, dressed in deep mourning, and busily employed in planting on the grave some snowdrops and violets.

"From the old woman I learned how that Marie Oppenheim had returned to Heidelberg some few months after I had left for England, bringing with her a little baby, whom she idolized. The sweet mother had died but a few months back, and here was the little one on the grave of its mother and father, as yet hardly old enough to know the real bitterness of its loss.

"The child took to me in a wonderful manner. I stayed at Heidelberg for some weeks, and the little one would not allow herself to be for a moment out of my sight. The consequence was that, when I returned to England, I brought her with me, and it was given out when I came down here that I was a widower with an only child. This, my dear friend, was not, as you well know, the truth. I was never married, and my darling Amy is the daughter of Max and Marie Oppenheim."

A little tender sob was heard at the other end of the room when Dr. Tatham finished his story, and in another moment Amy was in his arms, circling round the good man, and crying passionately.

She had overheard a greater part of the story, and what appeared to have been a mystery was now as clear as daylight to everybody.

Amy soon changed her surname for the third time, and became Mrs. Irving, and the young people lived on with old Dr. Tatham, who often said that now the secret was off his mind, he was twice as happy a man as he was before.

☞ The newest word out is itzculntsepoizeth, and it means in English a man who can't take a joke, and "gets his back up" at the merest trifle. It's Mexican definition is a hunchback dog.

LITTLE GOTTFRIED.

A STORY OF CHRISTMAS EVE.

(BASED ON A POEM BY RUCKHERT.)

It is Christmas Eve!—the eve of joy and gladness throughout the Christmas world. A little child, all lonely, is wandering up and down through the streets of a fair old German city, looking wistfully up at the bright windows, and stopping ever and anon to listen to the merry sounds of the voices of other children. Here and there, as he stands before some low window, he catches glimpses of the Christmas trees, which, in every different size, and decked out with every different degree of splendor, are more or less surrounded by happy faces, on whom the Christmas lights reflect, for the time at least, a passing gleam of brightness and joy. Well, "Christmas comes but once a year" in Germany or in England either!

The poor little stranger—we will call him Gottfried—as he stood alone in that gay street, was sad enough at heart. On this night at the least, of all the three hundred and sixty-five nights in the year, every other boy and girl seemed to have some joy or other prepared for him or her. He only out of all was neglected—nobody thought of him or cared for him. His father and mother were dead, and in their graves; and he had come out and wandered to a strange, strange place, where no one knew or heeded his sorrows, or sought to give him relief, or to pour kind words into his ear. Alone, in that city's "crowded loneliness"—how utterly lonely Gottfried was! Even the holy Christ-Child, who so loved all and cared for all, and especially for little children, on this anniversary of His birth-night, even He seemed to have forgotten him.

To feel wretched, and lonely, and neglected, when all around us are happy and rejoicing, is a bitter trial even to the least sensitive among us. The poor child longed for human companions and for human sympathy. How grateful would behave felt if he could have been called in and allowed to sit down, even for an hour, in a corner of one those bright, cheerful rooms—if he could have felt the warmth of the fireside, with the huge Yule-log, falling upon his shivering limbs—if he could look nearer, as one of the youthful company, at the shining lights and the varied gifts that hung upon the tree, and and joyed in beholding and sharing the happiness of others! He wanted nothing more, but this he *did* want; and, as he pictured to himself what a happiness thi would be, he took courage, and tapped gently and timidly, not at this door, now at that, in the hope of gaining admittance, but all in vain. They could not or they would not hear. From a sight of universal joy in-doors; families had met together to rejoice and be glad; and the laughter and merriment of youthful voices within fairly drowned the feeble knock and the plaintive voice of the lonely little outcast who stood upon the doorstep. Fathers looked on with pride at their happy, joyous children; mothers busied themselves with attendance on their guests and distributing presents, while Gretchen, Hans, and Mary, Fritz, Karl, and Emma, all shouted and danced for joy around the beautiful gifts which their Christmas tree had brought them this year. All were happy. And no one, old or young, could dream that one of the Christ-Child's little ones was starving at their very doors!

The child drew a sigh, and went wearily on; for he knew not in that strange city where to turn to for a night's lodging, however humble, were it only a hay loft or a stable. Tired and heartsick, at length he crouched down under the shadow of an old church porch, and strove to warm his frozen limbs, and to seek from the hand of "nature's kind nurse," sleep, forgetfulness of his present misery. And sleep was near to him; yes, very near.

In memory he sat once more again upon his mother's knee, and listened once more to her sweet, gentle voice, as she told him the wonderful story of that first Christmas Eve, when the Saviour of the World first appeared as a babe in the manger of the humble inn at Bethlehem; of the lonely shepherds keeping watch over their flocks by night upon the hillside; of the sudden bursting on their sight of multitudes of beautiful and heavenly beings—those herald angels singing for the first time since the creation that glorious Birthday Hymn, which is sung evermore from that day to this, "Glory to God in the highest." And then came back, but by bit, to his memory the oft-told tales of the Holy Child's life of fasting, and temptation, and trial, and suffering, of poverty, of loneliness, of betrayal in the end, of His love for all, especially for little children; and how, through the cruel death which He suffered, He purchased for all who would receive it at his hands, a long, long life beyond the grave—how He had left a bright example for all to tread in His footsteps; and, having finished the work of love upon earth, had gone back to his home above the blue sky to prepare a beautiful place, and had promised that all who should do His will on earth, should share His happiness in heaven.

And had not his mother taught him over and over again that the Christmas tree, with its brilliant lights, its golden and silver fruits, its beautiful toys, and other precious gifts, was but a faint type of the great and countless blessings which the Babe of Bethlehem had purchased for all at the highest of all possible prices? And was He not this night, with a band of angels, revisiting the earth once more, a Child among children, rejoicing in their happiness, and loving and blessing all those whom He may find striving to follow in his steps?

"I love Him for," thought the desolate child. "Yes, I love Him dearly. I wear His cross upon my forehead, and I bear His name; and will He not cast one look upon me here in these dark, cold, dreary streets, as He passes with His band of Holy angels over this city to-night? I have no one left to me now but Him." And, with clasped hands and streaming eyes, the orphan prayed to his Father in Heaven that he might not be quite forgotten on this holy eve of Christmas tide.

The night wore on apace, the wind blew sharp and keen down the street; and his eyes, which had gazed so eagerly upwards, as if for an answer to his prayer, closed in a troubled sleep.

But what new and strange brightness burns upon the weary sleeper now? Is it a dream, or are the holy angels come again, as they came to the shepherds of old upon the hills around Bethlehem? Gottfried's heart throbs wildly with a his breast, with mingled feelings of hope and fear; for standing before him is a Child, the majesty of whose beauty and glory no human pen could describe. In tones of thrilling love He spoke:—

"Gottfried, you have called upon Me in your distress, and I have heard you. See I am come down from My home far above the eternal hills—yes, from above the heaven of heavens—to show you the depth and the riches of My love towards all who love Me and try to serve Me and do My will. I have marked and noted all your earthly sorrows. I have seen your patient grief when all around you were so glad this night; and now I will give you such a joy as it has never entered into your heart, or into the heart of any other child to conceive."

He ceased, and pointed upwards. And, lo! the dark, dark sky was gone, and bright and beautiful scenes lay stretched out before his eyes, one beyond the other—so far, and into the blue distance. And over-over-over hills and fair green valleys, and beautiful meadows and crystal streams, and groups of beautiful and happy children, and glories without end. And there, too, were tall, bright Christmas trees, the lights on which glittered like the stars of heaven, and the fruits of which were such as are unknown to dwellers upon earth, both for beauty, and smell, and taste.

Gottfried looked again, and his eyes beamed with delight when he saw bands of fair children beckoning him to come up into this fair and wonderful land. Nearer and nearer they approach, and soon Gottfried can see their pure, gentle faces, and recognizes the bright Cross which shone upon the brow of each child like a brilliant jewel. And now rich melody, as of songs of welcome, burst upon his ears, as angels gently bear him upwards from the dark, dead level of the plains of earth to the bright regions of heaven.

* * * * * * * * *

Next morning, the sun arose in all his glory; and, as the people were thronging to the church of St. Mary, in that fair city, for early mass, they found Gottfried, with clasped hands and bended knees, all stiff and frozen, crouching down in the porch. They touched him and spoke to him, but he gave no answer. The frost had done its work. They tried to raise him; but he was stiff and dying!

* * * * * * * * *

I saw him again that day. He was dying, oh! so happily. In the evening he was at rest—better off than those children who had danced last evening around the Christmas tree.

☞ The following incident was told me the other day by a resident, who vouches for the truth of it: A rat, nearly white with age, and blind, was frequently seen led to the water by a young rat, by means of a straw, of which the old rat held one end, and the young rat the other. This incident corroborates a similar statement, given by Jesse in his 'Gleanings of Natural History"—"*Nature.*"

Domestic Economy.

VALUABLE RECEIPTS.

BONED HAM.—Soak a nicely cured ham the night before you wish to cook it, in tepid water. Next day, place it in a large dinner pot of water the same temperature, and boil it briskly eight or ten hours. Take it up in a wooden tray, let it cool, and carefully take out the bone; cut it clear at the hock and loosen it around the bone on the thick part, with a thin, sharp knife, and slowly pull it out. Then press the ham in shape and return it to the boiling liquor. Take the pot off the fire and let the ham remain in it, until cold. It is like beef tongue when cut across in slices.

THE CHRISTMAS BRAN PIE.

The bran pie is often used in England, in place of the Christmas tree, or as an addition to the "Twelfth Night" party. It is within the means of every family, as its contents can be inexpensive or expensive, according to the taste and means of the maker. First, a large wooden bowl should be obtained, or any other large tin pan or dish. This can be covered with white cloth or not, as the maker pleases; a wreath of evergreens around the edge is an improvement. The contents of the pie may be sugar hearts, rings, kisses, or any bonbons, mock rings, or gold rings—indeed, any articles which can be easily tied up in a small bundle. It is desirable that there should be many articles in this pie that will cause fun and laughter—blanks, such as an empty box, or some trifle rolled up in many papers. A bright piece of silver, called a lucky piece, or a half-sixpence, enclosed in a nut-shell, and like all the rest of the articles, tied up in paper, adds to the sport. All these bundles should be placed in the large bowl or dish and covered with bran. A large spoon can be laid on the top of the pie. This pie should be placed on the table, after a Christmas dinner or supper, the guests or family all remaining in their seats around the table. If there are many little ones, it can be arranged beforehand, and have a servant, or some member of the family, place the pie at the front door, and ring the bell furiously and blow a trumpet; also place a paper on the top of the pie, on which is written, "A present from Santa Claus." As soon as the bell is rung, the ringer must disappear at once, as children are wide awake at Christmas. We had a bran pie brought in that way; the children rushed to the door, and in their eagerness to see Santa Claus, ran past the pie some distance, looking eagerly on all sides; when they returned, one little boy declared he saw him whisking round the corner of the street. When the pie is on the table, every body is invited to partake. Each in turn takes a spoon-full; the bundle must be opened at once and exhibited before the next person dips. The very inappropriateness of some of the gifts helps to create laughter, and there is a good deal of amusement in the after exchanging, or refusing to exchange when the pie is all distributed.

IRISH BULLS.

The Irish, rightly or wrongly get credit for almost all the bulls that go the rounds of the papers. It was an Irishman who wanted to find the place where there was no death, that he might go and end his days there. It was an Irish editor that exclaimed, when speaking of the wrongs of Ireland: "Her cup of misery has been for ages overflowing, and is not yet full." It was an Irish newspaper that said of Robespierre that "On the left hand sat Danton, and on the right Robespierre, each of them having his head cut off." Even left children behind him except a brother, who was killed at the same time." It was an Irish coroner who, when asked how he accounted for an extraordinary mortality in Limerick, replied, sadly:" I cannot tell. There are people dying this year who never died before." It was an Irish handbill that announced, with boundless liberality, in reference to a great public demonstration in the Rotunda, that "Ladies without distinction of sex, would be welcome." Sir Boyle Roche said: "Single misfortunes never come on alone, and the greatest of all possible misfortunes is generally followed by a much greater." An eminent spirit merchant in Dublin, announces in an Irish paper that he has still a small quantity of the whiskey on hand which was drunk by George IV., when in Dublin."

☞ A Philadelphia reporter who interviewed Mr. Pugh, manager of the lecture course in that city, remarked that Anna Dickinson travelled over the country alone, and inquired if she had ever been insulted. Mr. Pugh replied: "Never but once. While travelling West she was asleep in a car at night, with her head resting upon her muff on the back of a seat, and a man sat down beside her and pressed her foot with his. Miss Dickinson wakened instantly, looked him full in the eye, and said, 'Do that again and I will call the conductor and have you put off the train.' The man went into another car."

☞ The New York *Mail* is responsible for this: "In Boston society everybody snubs everybody else, in New York society everybody gossips about everybody else, in Philadelphia society everybody attends to the morals of everybody else, in Baltimore society everybody fraternizes with everybody else, and in Chicago society just at present everybody is borrowing from everybody else. Boston, therefore, is aristocratic; New York and Philadelphia, democratic; Baltimore, patriarchal; and Chicago, communistic."

☞ Every young man, after he has chosen his vocation, should stick to it. Don't leave it because hard blows are to be struck, or disagreeable work performed. Those who have worked their way up to wealth and usefulness, do not belong to the shiftless and unstable class, but may be reckoned among such as took off their coats, rolled up their sleeves, and conquered their prejudices against labor, and manfully bore the heat and burden of the day.

☞ If women would cultivate their minds more, they would be more companionable to intelligent men. Many a husband goes out for his evenings, many a lover tires of his betrothed, because he finds her conversation insipid. Ladies, try not only to look pretty, but to talk well also.

☞ Neither God nor man expects a wife to submit to brutality, but a woman who, finding herself outgrowing her husband, or disappointed in him, yet takes up her cross, and flitting her shoulders to it, bears it in silence to her life's end, has joys that the world knows not of, and reaches the highest type of womanhood.—*Elizabeth K. Churchill.*

Anecdotes.

☞ Girl in want of a situation (bitterly)—"Call again to-morrow! What's the use? Here, I paid my fee a month ago, and walked here and home again, a matter of eight miles each way, twice every blessed day since, barring Sunday, and you profess to find out your character in a week!" Well, don't you call again."

☞ At an Indiana breakfast—some few days ago a traveller from the east handed to one of his fellow-travellers a plate of sausages, whereupon the question was asked, "Is it safe?" To which it was replied, "This is a prolific hog country, and it is safe to eat sausages wherever hog is cheaper than dog."

☞ A witness in a late divorce suit kept saying that the wife had a very retaliating disposition; that she retaliated for every little thing. "Did you ever see the husband kiss her?" asked the wife's counsel. "Yes, sir, often." "Well, what did she do on such occasions?" "She always retaliated, sir."

☞ A shrewd preacher, after an eloquent charitable sermon, said to his hearers: "I am afraid, from the sympathy displayed in your countenances, that some of you may give too much. I caution you, therefore, that you should be just before you are generous, and wish you to understand that I desire no one who cannot pay his debts to put anything in the plate." The collection was a rare one.

☞ The following advertisement appears in a Tennessee paper: "To whom it may concern: Whereas, I, resident of Knoxville did promise to marrine on the 21st instant, but instead of doing did flunk out and run off, I brand here as a liar and a person of miserable character generally. Charles Baxter."

☞ "What traveller you have become! exclaimed an Englishman on meeting an acquaintance at Constantinople. "To tell you the truth," was the frank reply, I am obliged to run about the world to keep ahead of my character. The moment it overtakes me I am ruined; but don't care who knows me so long as I travel incognito."

☞ J. Smythe-jones to rural belle—"Aw, Miss, may I ask what is that bewightful pwetume oh you hawnkerchief?" Rural belle—"Shew, sat's nothin'. It's them dratted cinnamon drops, 'spose."

HOTTENTOTS SEEN GATHERING BUCHU LEAVES AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE FOR H. T. HELMBOLD.

BUCHU.

[From Dispensatory of the United States.]

DIOSMA CRENATA—BUCHU LEAVES.

PROPERTIES.

Their odor is strong, diffusive and somewhat aromatic; their taste bitterish and analogous to mint.

MEDICAL PROPERTIES AND USES.

Buchu leaves are gently stimulant, with a peculiar tendency to the Urinary Organs.

They are given in complaints of the Urinary Organs, such as Gravel, Chronic Catarrh of the Bladder, Morbid Irritation of the Bladder and Urethra, Disease of the Prostate Gland, and Retention or Incontinuence of Urine from a loss of tone in the parts concerned in its evacuation. The remedy has also been recommended in Dyspepsia, Chronic Rheumatism, Cutaneous Affections and Dropsy.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU

Is used by persons from the ages of 18 to 25, and from 35 to 55, or in the decline or change of life; after Confinement or Labor Pains; Bed Wetting in Children.

In affections peculiar to Females, the Extract Buchu is unequalled by any other remedy, as in Chlorosis or Retention, Irregularity, Painfulness or Suppression of Customary Evacuations, Ulcerated or Schirrous state of the Uterus.

DISEASES OF THE BLADDER, KIDNEYS, GRAVEL & DROPSICAL SWELLINGS

This medicine increases the power of Digestion, and excites the Absorbents into healthy action, by which the Watery or Calcareous depositions and all Unnatural Enlargements are reduced as well as Pain and Inflammation

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU

Has cured every case of Diabetes in which it has been given. Irritation of the Neck of the Bladder and Inflammation of the Kidneys, Ulceration of the Kidneys and Bladder, Retention of Urine, Diseases of the Prostate Gland, Stone in the Bladder, Calculus, Gravel, Brick Dust, Deposit and Mucus or Milky Discharges, and for unfeebled and delicate constitutions of both sexes, attended with the following symptoms: Indisposition to Exertion, Loss of Power, Loss of Memory, Difficulty of Breathing, Weak Nerves, Trembling, Horror of Disease, Wakefulness, Diseases of Vision, Pain in the Back, Hot Hands, Flushing of the Body, Dryness of the Skin, Eruption on the Face, Pallid Countenance, Universal Lassitude of the Muscular System, etc.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU

Diuretic and Blood Purifying, and cures all diseases arising from habits of dissipation, excesses and imprudences in life, impurities of the Blood, etc., superseding Copaiba in affections for which it is used, in connection with HELMBOLD'S ROSE WASH.

Beware of counterfeits. Ask for Helmbold's.